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THE YEAR 1858.

THE year 1858, which dawned upon us in gloom and disaster, has set in an atmosphere of prosperity and peace. The reverses which had blighted our commerce have passed away, and the manufacturing districts have returned to the enjoyment of an almost unexampled activity. The trade of the country has probably never been in a more satisfactory state than at this moment. The best evidence of re-established confidence and sound prosperity is to be found in the returns of an increasing revenue, while the augmentation in the consumption of articles which constitute the necessities and the comforts of the people testifies to a general condition of well-being and contentment. Even the agricultural interest is enabled, by the high profits of past years, to bear without material inconvenience that fall in the price of its produce which has so largely benefited the great mass of the community.

In the external relations of the Empire the amelioration has not been less striking or considerable. The results of the Chinese expedition cannot affect the question of right in the origin of the quarrel. The failure of our arms was happily not essential to our view of this question—a view from which we see no occasion to depart. Neither can we admit that the successful issue of a policy is an unanswerable demonstration of its justice. We are content to leave that style of reasoning to the guests and the apologists of the French Emperor. Nevertheless, being embarked in a contest, we can hardly conceive any situation in which the success of our own country should not be our first and dearest object. We can therefore express without reserve our satisfaction at the speedy and decisive termination of a dispute which was ambiguous in its origin, and which threatened to be protracted and embarrassing in its duration.

In our Indian Empire the reparative process of convalescence has been more striking in proportion as the malady was more deadly and the prostration more complete. The vital energy of our race, during the protracted agony of 1857, had enabled the English garrison of Hindostan to hold on to their posts with an obstinate tenacity of life. "In perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness; troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, yet not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed"—it was in this spirit of confident endurance and courageous longanimity that our countrymen and countrywomen in India awaited the help which they were assured that their country would in due time send. The best news which the first days of 1858 brought us was that the garrison of Lucknow was saved. The announcement of the death of HAZELOCK in the moment of relief seemed to signalize by a noble sacrifice the closing chapter of disasters even more heroic than victory. This was the turning-point in the crisis. The violence of the first shock had been endured—the reaction of returning strength was now to set in. With the triumphant evacuation of Lucknow the defensive attitude of England in Hindostan ceased, and from that moment she began to reassert her authority over the empire she had so nearly lost. We may be pardoned if we dwell for a moment, with no braggart pride, on the spectacle of the vessel of our State riding out the terrible storm. The story of the *Agamemnon* struggling with the Atlantic tempest was but a picture on a lesser scale of the dangers and the virtues which wrestled together in the typhoon that took aback the English power in Hindostan. It is a sufficient answer to the predictions of English decadence with which the Absolutist press of the Continent is in the habit of consoling itself, that, taken at the greatest disadvantage—

surprised by dangers which it least expected, in that portion of her empire which by its situation is the least accessible, and which treason had made the least defensible—England has maintained her dominion unimpaired, and has re-asserted with fresh vigour an authority which her enemies hoped had for ever passed away. *Penitus toto divisi orbe*, we have planted 100,000 English bayonets on a soil which the Roman legions never trod; and at this moment a native force more numerous than that which cast off our yoke is in arms to re-establish and sustain our power. In the presence of such facts we can afford to despise the malignant jealousy of our foreign detractors. We may also derive the still more valuable assurance that the unpatriotic spirit of our domestic demagogues has not yet corrupted the heart of the nation, and that the selfish and enervating doctrines of which Mr. BRIGHT is the apostle are only the unhealthy efflorescence of a morbid humour the virus of which has happily not eaten into the constitution of the people.

Passing from these Imperial topics to the smaller but not less interesting questions of party politics, we find the annals of the year 1858 rich in lessons which are full of instruction, and the results of which are not altogether unsatisfactory. The fall of Lord PALMERSTON's Administration, and the apparently final collapse of his popularity in the early part of the session, are events which the students of political history will do well attentively to consider. The first conclusion which they will be disposed to draw will certainly not be that to which the unscrupulous demagogues of the platform seem so anxious to bring us—viz. that the present constitution of the House of Commons is a fraudulent contrivance for evading the representation of public opinion. No sooner was it really felt that popular feeling had decidedly pronounced against Lord PALMERSTON's Government, than it fell helplessly and hopelessly in a Parliament which had been elected not twelve months before amidst shouts of "PALMERSTON for ever." Partisan critics may blame, if they please, the mutability of public opinion, but to charge the House of Commons with want of sympathy with the popular voice is either to expose their ignorance or to confess their prejudice. For our part, we have no difficulty in explaining both the former popularity of Lord PALMERSTON and his recent fall, without accusing either the House of Commons or the people of fickleness or instability. The English people stood by Lord PALMERSTON because he had stood by them in the Russian war. Certainly we are not at this moment about to condemn a policy which we have always advocated. Our support was steadily accorded to those who upheld the vigorous prosecution of the war, and a foreign policy really deserving the title of "spirited" has never found an opponent in the *Saturday Review*. If we have opposed Lord PALMERSTON, it was not for his conduct as a War minister, of which we have often enough expressed our approbation. But long before the events of last February, we thought it necessary to point out the view of his general character as a statesman with which an attentive study of his career had impressed us. We knew that in the Russian war everything was plain sailing—a Minister had nothing to do but to float on the top of the popular wave. Lord PALMERSTON's adhesion to the war did not therefore solve the question whether his policy was the result of a transient impulse or of fixed principles and self-consistent sympathies. When, however, we considered the part he had played in 1848—when we remembered how the Liberal party on the Continent had been alternately inflamed and betrayed by the English Foreign Office—when we called to mind that the professed champion of Liberal principles was the first man to tender his personal congratulations to LOUIS NAPOLEON on the atrocious outrage of December 2nd—we could not but entertain grave misgivings as to the sincerity and stability of a policy which was

subject to such fatal inconsistencies. Unreflecting persons accepted the words which Lord PALMERSTON had always on his lips, without much regarding the acts which had given the real colour to his career; and those whose judgment had been formed on such inadequate grounds were naturally surprised at the tameness with which the insults of Naples were accepted, at the subserviency which humbled itself before French dictation, and at the adulation which led an English statesman to bow in the antechambers of Compiègne. To us these things caused no astonishment, and it was because they are the legitimate developments of tendencies which we perceived to be inherent in his political character, that we refused to shout for a Minister whose policy we were convinced would in the end prove to be anything but spirited. In 1857, popular opinion refused to see in Lord PALMERSTON anything but the true impersonation of the principles he professed; and it required some fact as startling as the Conspiracy Bill or the visit to Compiègne to open the eyes of the public at large to the imposture of which they had been the dupes. But when they discovered the extent to which their credulity had been practised upon, their indignation was naturally proportionate to the confidence which had been betrayed. The English people abandoned Lord PALMERSTON, not because they were fickle, but simply because they had found out that, if they meant to be consistent to their principles and true to their liberties, they must throw overboard the untrustworthy guardian to whom they had unwisely confided them. It was necessary that they should be inconstant to Lord PALMERSTON in order that they might be constant to themselves.

To some persons we know that his conduct in the affair of the Conspiracy Bill still seems wholly inexplicable. We believe that the causes of it are neither recondite nor complicated. In the first place, it will be found that the policy of Lord PALMERSTON has always been rather a personal policy than one of principles. In the second place, in spite of the general opinion to the contrary, we believe that he has very little sympathy with, and still less knowledge of, the true public feeling of the country. Bred in the diplomatic secrecy of the Foreign Office, he has been brought but little into contact with the rude realities of English public life. It was the habit of mind thus contracted which led him to manage an Administration with a great majority at its back just as he might have managed a little intrigue in a foreign Court. Instead of boldly relying on public opinion, he sought to buy an interest here and to secure a vote there, just as a *chargé d'affaires* at the Court of Pumpernickel might seek to gain over the Grand Duke's great chamberlain, or the mistress of the Grand Duchess's equerry. Thus bishoprics were hawked about like tide-waiters' places in the lobby of the House of Commons to secure the disinterested adhesion of Exeter Hall, and the Cerberus of the *Times* was tamed by sops adapted to its palate. But the Lord who purchased a puppet-show did not commit a more foolish or useless extravagance than the Minister who possessed himself of the *Times* while he lost the *Times* public. The affair ended as these profound diplomatic contrivances generally do end—simply by discrediting the tools. After all, we need seek no further for the cause why Lord PALMERSTON brought in the Conspiracy Bill than the fact that he seems to have had no notion that the transaction would be distasteful to the English people, or that the tone of Count WALEWSKI's despatch was likely to be regarded as offensive by the public at large.

The selection of a Lord Privy Seal was only one of many incidents which revealed the incapacity of Lord PALMERSTON to appreciate the true tone of English feeling. He certainly never meant to make himself the voluntary victim of the virtues, however eminent, of his favoured friend. The explanation of the CLANRICARDE appointment, as of the Conspiracy Bill, is that Lord PALMERSTON was so little acquainted with the temper of public opinion that he did not for a moment dream that the incident was one which would call forth popular indignation. But perhaps the most remarkable example of this capital defect in his character as the head of an English Government, is to be found in his recent visit to Compiègne. This extraordinary blunder is almost equally puzzling whether we suppose that the guest of LOUIS NAPOLEON was sensible or ignorant of the effect which it would produce upon the English public mind. If he was not prepared for the loud and universal disapprobation which visited his indiscretion, there is nothing to

be said but that a man who so little understands the English people is very ill-fitted to govern them. If, on the other hand, he anticipated the storm which he was about to raise, we must form a still lower estimate of his political judgment. We are told that Lord PALMERSTON is to be regarded as a sort of patriotic CURTIUS, willing to leap into an abyss of unpopularity in order to close the breach between England and France. We do not stop to discuss the qualifications of the noble Viscount for the rôle of a martyr. We content ourselves with pointing out that the indignant protest of English opinion which this most unseasonable act of adulation necessarily evoked, very little tended to the end which he is supposed to desire. If Lord PALMERSTON had been satisfied to stay at home, it would not have been requisite to insist on the reasons which ought to have prevented him from going abroad, and the Emperor of the FRENCH might have been spared the criticisms of the English press, which he may possibly think a somewhat heavy price to pay even for the *agrémens* of Lord PALMERSTON's society, and the entertainment afforded by his feats of horsemanship. Lord PALMERSTON is, no doubt, a very pleasant member of society, but if it be true (as his apologists pretend) that LOUIS NAPOLEON is the only man in France who favours the English Alliance, we may be certain that he had some stronger reasons of policy for running counter to the national will than the mere hope of a week's visit in the country from the Member for Tiverton; and we venture to think that those considerations would have continued to prevail, even though Lord PALMERSTON had passed the month of November at Broadlands. The elect of 500,000 bayonets may or may not have the power to pursue a policy repugnant to the national sentiment in France; but of one thing we are very certain—and the events of last February might have opened even Lord PALMERSTON's eyes to the fact—that in England there is no man who has authority to pledge the sympathies of a free country to acts which it abhors and a system which it condemns. Before Lord PALMERSTON undertook the notable task of sustaining the French Alliance by his personal civilities to the prosecutor of M. DE MONTALEMBERT and the oppressor of Portugal, he would have done well to reflect whether the rude disclaimers by which the English people have thought it necessary to clear themselves from complicity in the transaction might not considerably lessen the conciliatory effect of his ill-timed adulation. The Compiègne visit, even in the view of it put forward by Lord PALMERSTON's friends, was a political *bêtise*. Your servant chooses, without any authority from you, to send a card of invitation to a gentleman with whom you are on ambiguous terms, because in his opinion it is desirable that you should be intimate with him. If you should find it necessary to explain that the invitation was a mistake, and that in fact you will not be at home all that week, the object of the intrusive domestic will not be materially advanced. And this is just the situation which the officiousness of Lord PALMERSTON has created between the English and French nations. If he had had the sense to leave things alone, the alliance would have stood upon a much firmer basis when resting on the reciprocity of common interests, without a ridiculous and futile attempt to negotiate an impossible sentimental sympathy. The fatal defect which has vitiated the whole tenor of Lord PALMERSTON's foreign policy is that his conduct has been governed by personal predilections and antipathies, rather than by any fixed political principles or consistent views of national interests. It is thus only that we can account for the fact that the Minister who in 1847 seemed to have no other aim than to break up the *entente cordiale* with France, should in 1857 have been willing to sacrifice everything in favour of an object for which he once professed so profound a disdain. The alliance between England and France, in any sense in which a statesman should value it, is a constant interest, which does not vary with the change of persons who may happen to be at the head of the State. But this is not the point of view from which Lord PALMERSTON is in the habit of regarding foreign policy. He hated LOUIS PHILIPPE, and he likes LOUIS NAPOLEON; and this difference of personal feelings determines him in upholding or subverting a French alliance.

The same vice which tainted his conduct of foreign affairs ran through his domestic administration. It was not so much that his political principles were erroneous, as that he had no political principles at all. It was impossible to tell from moment to moment what course might be taken by a Minister who steered without a compass by a sort

of rule of thumb, and could hardly (as the sailors say) "fudge" a day's work." It was a mere toss up, depending on his own particular humour for the day, or on what he fancied to be the popular cry of the hour, whether he made a war or produced a Reform Bill—whether he instigated a revolution or brought in a Conspiracy Bill. As always happens in this game, the turn comes when the player loses. When Lord PALMERSTON called the Conspiracy Bill, he lost the toss. In a country where, on the whole, intelligence and principle govern, it must be so in the long run. Such a country cannot be ruled by mere dexterous manipulation. Some day the dexterity is at fault, and the manipulation fails. But Lord PALMERSTON has little right to complain, for few professors of political sleight-of-hand have been found out so late.

In the existing state of political parties, the succession of Lord DERBY to power was the inevitable result of Lord PALMERSTON's fall. The Liberal party had been too much shattered by the conduct of its chief to allow at that moment of a satisfactory reconstruction. Our readers will not expect to find in this journal an apology for Lord DERBY. Nevertheless, we see no reason to change our opinion that the rejection of the Conspiracy Bill, and the repudiation of the policy of which it was only a part, was a matter of such paramount and imminent necessity that all other evils were light in comparison with the danger which menaced the character and influence of England in Europe. Nothing short of the peremptory and contumelious dismissal of the PALMERSTON Administration could ever have disabused Continental opinion of the conviction which the course of Lord PALMERSTON's policy had tended to create, that England was the facile and timid instrument in the hands of LOUIS NAPOLEON. The penalty of a Derbyite Administration was a part of the price which we were compelled to pay in order to get out of the false position in which the late Government had involved the country. It is true that, with an inconsistency which nothing can excuse, the followers of Lord DERBY took a hint from the rising storm in the public mind to throw out a measure which their sluggish patriotism had not taught them in the first instance to reject. The humiliation was all their own, but the advantage remained with the country. Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI, who supported the first reading of the Conspiracy Bill with all kinds of fulsome adulation of the "well-informed Prince" who had undertaken to dictate to the English Parliament the reformation of its laws, found it expedient to withdraw the measure for which they had voted. Their accession to office was founded on a glaring tergiversation, and their whole career has been consistent with its origin. Indeed, the consistency of Lord DERBY reminds us of the success of the barrister who had lost many verdicts which he ought to have won, but had won many verdicts which he ought to have lost, so that on the average, justice was done. Thus Lord DERBY, who opposes everything which he formerly supported, may be said, by supporting everything which he formerly opposed, to have established a sort of average consistency. The general disinclination to permit the Government to fall again into the hands of Lord PALMERSTON is the chief cause which has led to the toleration of the present Administration. It was this which suggested to Lord JOHN RUSSELL the loophole of the resolutions by which they were permitted to escape from the ridiculous *fiasco* of Lord ELLENBOROUGH's India Bill. In the fights of last session they enjoyed the double advantage, first, of being themselves ready to run away at a moment's notice, and secondly, of always having some one willing and able to trip up their pursuers. The consequence is, that, reversing the saying of FRANCIS I., they have saved everything except their honour.

We cannot altogether accept M. DE MONTALEMBERT's ingenious and eloquent exposition of the famous CARDWELL debate. Mr. BRIGHT says that the House of Commons never votes on principles of abstract justice. The misfortune is, that when Mr. BRIGHT by accident says something which is not untrue, he couples it with a reason which is both irrational and false. When he attributes the hatred of abstract justice to an aristocratic House of Commons, he might have remembered that the eternal principles of justice have not yet induced the democratic assemblies of the United States to abolish the "peculiar institution." If the House of Commons does not trouble itself much with the principles of abstract justice, it is because popular assemblies—we will venture to say equally under democratic as under aristocratic constitutions—do not habitually concern themselves very much with

abstract principles at all. The breakdown of the CARDWELL resolution was the result of many concurrent causes. In the first place, the retreat of Lord ELLENBOROUGH had disarmed much of the indignation which his unpatriotic and indefensible despatch had called forth. The position of Lord CANNING being re-established by the merited disgrace of his critic, the good sense of most reasonable persons disinclined them to make India at that moment the battle-field of parties, especially on so capital a question as that of amnesty or no amnesty. In the next place, the manner in which the whole move had been concerted gave it the appearance of a little Whig trick rather than the formal censure of a great party. A large number of members by no means friendly to Lord DERBY's Administration had no disposition to bind themselves blindly to the little plan snugly arranged on Sunday afternoon at Cambridge House. They did not like the bill of fare of *toujours perdrix or rechauffé* "Whig," which Mr. CARDWELL was commissioned to lay before them. But most prevalent of all was the terror of a dissolution in a Parliament which had been elected to the false cry of "PALMERSTON for ever." We believe this to be pretty nearly the true account of the transaction, and that, whether the House of Commons voted or not in accordance with the principles of abstract justice, it acted fairly in obedience to the law of its institution in giving effect to the general disinclination of the public to press on at that moment a change of Government.

The legislation of the year 1858 may be set down as positively *nil*; for the India Bill, in its ultimate form, hardly deserves the name of legislation. The measure which was originally intended to convert the Indian Government into a mere sub-department of Downing-street, was happily, by the tardy sense of Parliament, reduced to a change which left things as little altered as possible. It was necessary to do something by way of escaping from the absurdities into which the late Government had allowed itself to be driven by the panic of the mutiny and the shallowness of a portion of the English press. In the course of the discussion, the dangerous revolution which had been at first meditated was softened into the milder form of a titular metamorphosis. The East India Company has, by permission, taken the name of the Indian Council, and the President of the Board of Control has assumed the higher dignity of Secretary of State. The great point has happily been gained, and we retain the tolerably substantial "shadow of a shade" of an independent Council to defend the integrity of our Indian Empire from the vacillation or rashness of a popularity-hunting Minister or a meddling House of Commons.

Of the foreign policy of the present Government but little is known. It is the misfortune of our diplomacy that, like the blunders in the conveyance of an estate, the mischief is never known till it is irremediable. The admirers of Lord MALMESBURY claim for him much credit in the affair of the *Cagliari*. Without wishing to detract from his merits, we cannot but observe that he was in no slight degree indebted for his success to the astuteness of the King of NAPLES, whose abilities are generally undervalued. We should have been disposed to give Lord MALMESBURY credit for the new-born zeal which he is supposed to have derived from the lesson of the Conspiracy Bill, if it had not been for the awkward incident of the French coercion of Lisbon. All the facts which have yet transpired in that transaction bear very heavily against the reputation of the English Cabinet for courage and conduct. The truth of this matter will shortly be known, and the Government must reckon on being called to a severe and searching account.

"Reform" is the catchword written at the bottom of the page of 1858, to carry us over to the first line of the new year. We shall not prolong an article devoted to a retrospect of the past, by indulging in any anticipations of the future. Mr. BRIGHT's speeches, which belong to the last months of 1858, may be considered perhaps as the overture to the concert to which Lord DERBY has invited the Conservative party. We are not able to present our readers with the authorized programme, nor is it our business at present to speculate on the result. The history of the experiment of a Conservative Reform Bill belongs to the year 1859. The Conservative party, weary of MOSES and AARON, have found a tolerable substitute for CORAH in the Right Honourable BENJAMIN DISRAELI. We shall probably be able to describe with some accuracy on next New-Year's Day the pit which he has opened for their reception.

On the whole, looking back on the chequered face of the

past year, there is ground for satisfaction and contentment. The good sense and true instincts of a sound public opinion, acting through free institutions, have saved us from the follies, the cowardice, and the rashness of individual politicians. Many personal reputations have suffered, but on the whole the country has gained. We take leave of the year that is past with the earnest hope and the sincere belief that the general prudence, moderation, and justice of the English people, which have carried them through so many difficulties, will save them from sacrificing their real liberties to the dangerous delusions of democracy, which is the most insidious and the most fatal foe that freedom has to fear.

THE RUMOURS OF WAR.

KEENLY organized as the frame of European civilization now is for suffering, as well as for enjoyment, good men may well shrink from alluding to the possibility of a European war. It is trying to our faith in the justice which rules the world to think that a few unscrupulous adventurers, sitting over their champagne in the Tuileries, should have the power, for their own selfish purposes, of loosing such a whirlwind of havoc, misery, and evil passions upon Christendom. But we fear it may be regarded as a matter of certainty that the French Government entertains the idea of war as a means of employing its colossal army, and keeping up what the great gamblers of the world style their prestige. The French army, indeed, is so enormous as in itself to be almost a standing declaration of war to other nations. It is the one menacing and explosive element which now disturbs the repose and security of Europe, and forbids the Governments of the world to commence a gradual reduction of their armaments, turn the enormous sums hitherto lavished in maintaining multitudes of mercenaries to better uses, and relieve the burdens of their people. It is kept up on a scale for which nothing can account but a depraved military ambition and a desire to threaten and oppress other nations. Such a force is not required for self-defence when all the world but France is anxious to be at peace, and when no thought of attacking the French territory has been entertained by any Power for fifty years. It is not required for police, on any hypothesis as to the internal condition of France—much less on that hypothesis which supposes the present Government to be the spontaneous choice and the adored idol of the vast majority of the nation. Those who keep such an army on foot must find it work in foreign war; or, like Frankenstein's giant, it will destroy its master. The Roman Empire, to which the French Empire is so often compared and so often compares itself, had nearly as large an army; but that army was constantly and actively employed in guarding a vast frontier against the attacks of barbarians. The few troops who were quartered, as the French army are, in the heart of the Empire without active employment, have left to history the fatal name of the *Prætorians*. We need not doubt that **LOUIS NAPOLEON**'s inclination fell in with his policy in proclaiming that *his* Empire was Peace. Neither need we doubt the sincerity of his belief that *his* despotism would not be as other despotisms, but a popular dictatorship, compatible with freedom of thought, enlightenment, and progress. But things will not so easily change their natures under the conjuration of a magic phrase. Despotism proves to be despotism after all; and despotism with an enormous army will, too probably, prove to be war.

There is little doubt that Austria is the immediate mark of French ambition, though it is not on Austrian honour that the evil spirits of the French army most desire to trample, nor in the pillage and pollution of Austrian homes that they most desire to revel. The **EMPEROR** holds himself out as the friend and patron of Italy. His publication of **ORSINI**'s appeal to him could be explained only on the ground of his acceptance of the character which that appeal exhorted him to assume; nor is it impossible that in the case of Italy, as in the case of France, he may really have his visions as well as his personal objects. Austrian Italy lies open to him, through an alliance with Sardinia. It affords fields for great battles, such as most dazzle the imagination of the French soldier—fields, too, already bright with victory to the French, and dark with defeat to their opponents. **LOUIS NAPOLEON** probably relies for support in such an enterprise on the aid of Russia, anxious for territorial aggrandizement at the expense of Austria, and prepared for that object insanely to let loose in Europe the whirlwind by which the artificial and rotten fabric of her own despotism must ultimately perish.

He counts, as a matter of course, on the assistance of Sardinia, ready to take the rider on her back, and his bit between her teeth, if she can only be avenged on the stag whose horns gored her at Novara. He has laid his ground for covering his operations by intrigues in other countries. Not that we would attribute to the French Cabinet a fixity of purpose or a deliberate policy, in the existence of which we are not inclined to believe; but it is rational to suppose that, in their various subterranean operations, they have always been more or less working towards an object which they have certainly always had more or less in view.

But, besides all these advantages, **LOUIS NAPOLEON** no doubt, in meditating an attack on the Italian provinces of Austria, looks for the sympathy and connivance of England as a declared friend to Italian independence. England would fall into the most fatal of all errors in encouraging or fulfilling this expectation. To know what a French despot in close alliance with the Jesuits means by liberating Italy, Englishmen have only to look at Rome. Austria has been guilty of retaining a part of Italy under an alien though almost immemorial yoke. She has not been guilty of any crime against Italy so great or so deadly as the piratical suppression of the Roman Republic, and the maintenance of ecclesiastical tyranny in its place. Austria is at least an old Monarchy, limited by the code of honour and tempered by the influence of tradition. The French despotism which would be erected in place of the Austrian, either directly or by the head of some **MURAT** or other satrap of France, is the youngest of all despotisms, and therefore the most suspicious, the most cruel, the most inexorably hostile to freedom of thought, and to the moral and political dignity of man. How French armies—even revolutionary armies in the first burst of revolutionary enthusiasm—liberate Italy when they enter it for the express purpose of liberation, we know, and Italians ought to know, from the experience of scenes witnessed by men yet alive. **ALISON** is almost touched for a moment with the spirit of **TACITUS** while he describes, with perfect fidelity, the blessings conferred by the liberating army of 1796:—"With the French invasion commenced a long period of suffering; tyranny under the name of liberty; rapine under that of generosity; excitement among the poor; spoliation of the rich; clamour in public against the nobility, and adulation of them in private; revolt against tyranny by those who aimed only at being tyrants; general praise of liberty in words, and universal extinction of it in action; the stripping of churches; the robbery of hospitals; the levelling of the palaces of the great, the destruction of the cottages of the poor—all that military license has of most terrible, all that despotic authority has of most oppressive." Add to this the spoliation of works of art by the barbarous egotism of France, and the long series of confiscations and conscriptions which continued through the whole course of the triumphant brigandage of the First **NAPOLEON**—and you have a picture of the doom of Italy rescued from oppression by French arms. The object of the French army is not the propagation of political principles—it is victory and rapine. Austria may be justly unpopular with all friends of freedom, but, if attacked by French military ambition, she would be in the position of a justly unpopular man attacked by a highwayman—and a highwayman who, if left unopposed, would be certain to proceed, flushed and excited by success, in the further exercise of his trade.

The question to be decided in the plains of Lombardy, in the event of a French invasion, will not be whether Italy shall be free as Englishmen would desire her to be, and as **LOUIS NAPOLEON** does his best to prevent her being, but whether European civilization and European law shall again be trodden under foot by the sanguinary vanity of a horde of French *sabreurs*. In such a contest England could not stand neutral. Her influence has been steadily, if not always wisely, exerted in favour of the constitutional liberties of Italy. Her sympathies have been declared in a thousand ways to be on that side. But another outbreak of French military ambition upon Europe is a thing wholly unconnected with the political interests of any nation, and equally hostile to them all. It is a danger menacing the independence, honour, and happiness of the whole European Confederation, and one which all the members of that Confederation must unite, at all hazards and at whatever cost, to put down, and to put down for ever. France would of course desire, and would seek by every diplomatic art, to take Austria, Prussia, Spain, and England in detail. But those Powers have been taught by bitter lessons that it is politic

as well as chivalrous to stand by each other, and that those who look on at Austerlitz only reserve for themselves a Jena.

It is by no means clear that Austria, if attacked by France in Italy, would not make a good and even a successful stand. It is true the Austrian Empire consists of an incongruous collection of provinces; but in each of these provinces there is an aristocracy which has evinced the strongest attachment to the Crown, and may again evince the same attachment in the day of peril. Much as we may lament that the emancipation of Italy was not achieved in 1848, and much as we may blame the English Minister who so wrecked the hopes of liberty on that occasion, we cannot refuse to admire the Roman tenacity with which Austria held her Italian province when all the world thought her power utterly prostrated and her case utterly desperate. That same tenacity, ever characteristic of a great aristocracy, was shown in the long struggle with NAPOLEON—a struggle again and again renewed after repeated and overwhelming defeats, and in the end crowned with victory. And now Austria would have to contend, not as in the time of NAPOLEON with the French nation hurled upon her in a revolutionary crusade, but merely with the French army—an army vast, indeed, in numbers, and admirable in training, arms, and organization, but far inferior in spirit to the revolutionary columns of 1796, cut off from the nation by the very process which has made it so perfect as a military machine, and liable to be crushed by a single defeat. History, from the days of HANNIBAL downwards, shows us that the issue of a contest between two great Powers depends not so much upon the relative strength of the armies with which they at first enter the field, as upon the relative amount of the moral and physical resources upon which they can ultimately draw. It is by no means certain that the hereditary sovereign of the great provinces of the Austrian Empire has not a larger fund of moral and physical resources to draw on in the long run than the usurping occupant of the new and tottering throne of France. Nor can we read the history of the great campaigns in Italy and on the Rhine at the commencement of the revolutionary war, without being convinced that the Austrian soldiers were little, if at all, inferior to the French, even when the French soldiery consisted of the very flower of all classes of the nation, animated by a spirit which no training can reproduce. Bad generalship, the idiotic interference of the Aulic Council, treachery at their own head-quarters, the skill, the bribery, and the unscrupulous artifices of NAPOLEON turned the day in Italy against the troops who, under the Archduke CHARLES, were at the same time victorious on the Rhine. The Duke of MALAKOFF is not a NAPOLEON, nor are the errors of 1796 likely to be repeated on the Austrian side. If LOUIS NAPOLEON and his Cabinet know what it is to shrink from crime, let them shrink from the crime of involving Europe in war. If they shrink from no crime, let them shrink from the possibility of a defeat which to them would be utter and irretrievable ruin.

THE COWARDICE OF PUBLIC MEN.

WHEN we had occasion to discuss recently the question of an Anonymous Press, we pointed out that the existing system of journalism was necessary—if for no other reasons—for the purpose of correcting and countervailing the mischiefs which flow from the cowardice of public men. This point is one which the present aspect of politics tends remarkably to enforce. The *Times*, in the course of the week, has with much justice pointed out that the defence of the constitution against the demagogues who are labouring to subvert it from its foundations has been left wholly to the press. The profession of journalism is often reproached with an absence of that sense of responsibility of which the politicians of the platform and the hustings flatter themselves they enjoy the exclusive monopoly. We invite our critics to compare the conduct which has been pursued with regard to a question so vitally affecting the interests of the country as that of Reform, by the press on the one hand, and by the politicians who claim to direct public opinion on the other.

We are about to have a Reform Bill which is more or less to be an organic change in the supreme power in the State. It is not our present purpose to discuss the merits or expediency of such a change. The point to which we desire to direct attention is the manner in which this capital question has been dealt with by the whole class of Parliamentary politicians. Those who have

studied Mr. BRIGHT's orations must have been struck with the fact that the single argument by which he demonstrates the popularity of Reform is deduced from the rival manoeuvres of the leading men in the House of Commons. Everybody, he says, has admitted the necessity of Reform, for there is no party leader who has not promised a Reform Bill. This is the sorry substitute which he is obliged to put up with for that popular fervour which his mendacious and inflammatory libels on everything that is English have failed to evoke. If the secret motives of these pledges whose authority he emphatically parades were really laid bare, we doubt whether they would much tend to establish his argument. If it be, indeed, the pressure of popular opinion which has induced the Conservative leaders to throw open to their bitterest foe the gates of the fortress which they undertook to defend, the fact would entirely cut away from beneath him the stock invectives of the Birmingham demagogue. If the public voice is unanimous in favour of Reform, and if all the public men in the country, yielding to that opinion, have become Reformers in spite of themselves, what becomes of the argument that popular feeling is wholly misrepresented, and that the existing constitution is a fraudulent deception by which the will of the people is deliberately defied?

Mr. BRIGHT, however, belongs to that school of logicians who are always wanting to eat their cake and have their cake. He does not see the absurdity of insisting in one and the same breath that all Parliamentary politicians are pledged to Reform in obedience to public opinion, and also that public opinion, in the present state of the representation, is wholly inoperative in Parliamentary politics. When a gentleman has the advantage of inventing all his premisses, he might be expected at least to take the trouble of squaring his conclusions with the imaginary facts from which he pretends to deduce them. If Mr. BRIGHT's assertion, that the promises of future Reform Bills which have been so lavishly scattered by successive Governments are the result of popular pressure, were the truth, or anything like the truth, he would, indeed, lose the benefit of his favourite dogma that public opinion is suppressed, yet he might still retain his demonstration of the strength of the feeling which had extorted a universal though reluctant acquiescence. But he knows just as well as everybody else that the batch of embryo Reform Bills which have been tossing about for the last six years are not the fruit of popular pressure, but the offspring of rival jealousies and the contrivances of contending factions. Why did Lord PALMERSTON promise a Reform Bill? Was it popular pressure, or profound conviction, or inevitable necessity, which forced it on him? It was none of these things, but simply that he was afraid of Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Why did Lord DERBY surrender the Conservative camp by an ignominious capitulation? For no other reason but because he was afraid of Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord PALMERSTON—because, in short, he chose rather to throw overboard his party and his principles than endanger the tenure of his Administration. And so we are treated to the spectacle of all these courageous and consistent politicians bidding against one another, not for popular support, but for the favour of Mr. BRIGHT, whose principles they detest, and who, we must say, not without reason, very heartily despises the men who truckle to him with an insincere servility. It might, perhaps, have been but decent that the leaders of a party which pretends to preserve rather than to destroy, should at least, if they thought an organic Reform indispensable, have stated the defects which they proposed to remedy, and the principles of reconstruction on which they intended to proceed. As it is, it stands on Lord DERBY's confession that the Constitution is in a state which requires a thorough overhauling, but the nature of the repairs which are to be done he leaves the public to learn from Mr. BRIGHT.

Taking for granted that there is to be a Reform Bill next session, let us ask whether the public have been fairly dealt with by the men who claim to influence public opinion. Why is Mr. BRIGHT to be left by those ardent Reformers as the sole exponent of the principles of Reform? Have not we a right to know from Lord PALMERSTON whether the Bill which he had in preparation, and the principles of which he had of course thoroughly settled, included electoral districts, ballot, and household suffrage? Why does not Lord DERBY let the people of Glasgow know whether the object of the Reform which he has promised is to put an end to the House of Peers, to place in other hands that "portion of the public revenue which is at present entrusted to the

"Church of England," and to compel the subdivision of landed property, so that every Scotch weaver may have his allotment of a deer forest?

The *Times* hit but half the mark when it rebuked the indolence and want of spirit with which the aristocracy had permitted the libels of Mr. BRIGHT against their order to be recorded without remonstrance and without refutation. It is not the aristocracy alone that he has attacked. His reckless calumnies are directed against the whole property and intelligence of the country. The principles which he has enunciated are those of a man who is bent on subverting the whole framework of political society. The doctrines which he preaches are those which history and experience have proved to be destructive of property, liberty, and order. When he tells an ignorant and excitable audience that the House of Commons has uniformly laid the burden of taxation on the poor, while it exempted the rich, he says that which he knows to be false, and which he intends to be mischievous. He knows that, in the very first Parliament in which he himself sat, Sir ROBERT PEEL, as the political leader of the landed interest, imposed the Income-tax upon the wealthier classes, in order that he might lessen the burden which pressed upon the industry of the people. He knows that, since that period, the spirit of that legislation has been systematically and self-denyingly pursued. Of the burdens of the poorer classes there has been no increase; and it is, as Mr. BRIGHT very well knows, by the voluntary acceptance of extraordinary imposts on the part of the enfranchised classes that those burdens have been greatly and beneficially diminished. He tells an assembly that knows no better, whose judgments he distorts by his mendacity, and whose passions he inflames by his rhetoric, that they have no part in the increased expenditure which is defrayed by an unjust taxation. Yet he knows that the sanitary measures and the educational rates of the last ten years have been passed exclusively from a regard to the interests of those whom he labours to exasperate and mislead. No doubt there have been men returned to Parliament who, in the calculating selfishness of a commercial inhumanity, have been insensible to the claims of justice and the dictates of mercy. But it is convenient for Mr. BRIGHT to forget who it was that laboured to defeat the Ten Hours' Bill—a measure which we believe did more both for the moral and physical interests of the operatives whose cause he hypocritically pretends to plead, than all the platform platitudes which he vents in a month. Mr. BRIGHT tells the populace, on whose ignorance he calculates, that the late war was got up by the enfranchised class for their own benefit, at the expense of those who are deprived of the suffrage. He knows full well that the cost of the war was defrayed for the most part—indeed, almost altogether—by a tax which could hardly by possibility fall on any individual who had not a vote.

It is these audacious and malignant falsehoods which have aroused the indignation and disgust of the intelligent classes, from the lowest to the highest, throughout the country. But there remains always in every people an immense mass of the ignorant and uninstructed, who are the natural prey of the demagogue. It is to these that Mr. BRIGHT addresses himself, and it is on their support that he relies. What, then, is the duty of men who claim a title to public confidence on the ground of their practical knowledge of public affairs and their devotion to public interests? Is it not to counteract the effects of the poison thus dishonestly spread? We are told that the working classes want the protection of the ballot from intimidation and corruption. But where are they to find protection from the worst of all intimidation, and the vilest of all corruption—the corruption of the demagogue who defrauds them of their judgment by pandering to their passions? Public discussion, which is the great safeguard of free countries, is the sovereign remedy against the pestilence of lying tongues. Men who have the means of encountering these scandalous falsehoods with the refutation which they deserve, have no right to decline the responsibility which their position imposes on them. They have no right to sacrifice the public interests to their own selfish advantage. While politicians are hanging back for fear of damaging their partisan positions, the English Press has done its duty. When the institutions of the country are being reviled, when the cause of liberty is being undermined, when truth is grossly violated, and justice shamefully outraged, we have not stayed to consider whether it will be advantageous or not to our personal interests to strike at the

defamer of his country. There is, indeed, one exception to the interested cowardice which has been so disgracefully prevalent. The very singularity of the instance makes it the less necessary to mention the sensible and courageous speech of Mr. LOWE, at Kidderminster. Let it be remembered that on the formation of public opinion at this moment will depend the form which the impending change will assume. The issue before the country is nothing less than this, whether we are to exchange our regulated liberty for an unmixed democracy—in other words, whether we are still to be a free people, or to fall into one of the two conditions which France and America respectively exemplify. The formation of that opinion will ultimately depend upon the course taken by those who assume to instruct the public mind. We ask whether, in the performance of that duty, it is the Press or the public men who have shown the truer sense of the responsibility which their position imposes on them?

INDIAN ECONOMY.

THE prosperity, if not the permanent existence, of our Indian Empire depends so much on the financial principles which may be adopted by its new administrators, that the slightest indications of their proposed policy acquire an importance which can scarcely be exaggerated. Two symptoms of a directly opposite tendency have lately manifested themselves, which, if they may be relied on, show that the exigencies of the case are better appreciated in India than by the supreme authorities at home. The Calcutta Government has issued a memorandum, whereby the interest on their Indian promissory notes may, at the option of the holders, be received in London by bills on the treasuries of the different Presidencies, and the notes themselves are made transferable by indorsement in England. The object of this new regulation is obviously to facilitate the investment of English capital upon the securities of the Indian Government, and thereby to reduce the excessive interest which these obligations have hitherto borne. At the same time, the Council of India have notified their intention to grant almost no more important guarantees—a decision which, if meant to be a permanent rule, can only be explained by a desire to discourage the application of English wealth to the reproductive works by which alone the finances of India can be placed on a stable footing. If this be really the deliberate policy of the Council, and if it should unfortunately prevail over the more rational views of the local Government, India is at this moment exposed to a greater though less startling peril than it was a year ago, when the issue of the mutiny hung in the balance. It is a remarkable fact that the whole loss of revenue during the year of rebellion has been less than 2,000,000*l.*; but on the other side of the account we find an increase of expenditure of 7,000,000*l.*, although the outlay upon public works was altogether discontinued. Some portion of this must be set down to the special expenses of suppressing the mutiny, but the greater part represents a permanent increase in the cost of administering the country. Soldiers must be paid and fed, whether they are actually engaged with an enemy or merely employed in garrisoning forts and towns, and preserving the supremacy of the Government. The difference, in fact, between the cost of an army in peace and in war is less than is commonly supposed; and so long as a largely increased European force is maintained in India, there can be no very important reduction of military expenditure. On the most favourable estimate, an annual deficit of several millions seems to be inevitable; and the vital question is, how this deficiency can be gradually reduced, and ultimately converted into a regular surplus.

The most ingenious financier will fail to discover more than two ways of bringing about an equilibrium. Either the expenditure must be pared down to fit the revenue, or the proceeds of the land assessment and other sources of income must be increased by developing the resources of the country. No one has yet pretended to show that the former alternative is possible. All the economy in the world will not bring the expenditure within some millions of the present revenue, unless India is again to be denuded of troops, and exposed to the chance of a second, and perhaps more successful, outbreak. India can only be held on one condition. The revenue must be largely increased, or bankruptcy is sooner or later inevitable. The history of the administration of the East India Company conclusively proves the impossibility of any considerable augmentation of the Government assessment while the land remains in its present condition. Every

change hitherto made has been in the opposite direction. The rents originally imposed were found to be heavier than the land would bear, and it was only by granting large reductions that the collection of the assessment became possible at all. The gross returns of the land-tax do, it is true, show a progressive increase; but this has been due to the continual annexation of new provinces, and has been nearly balanced by the consequent increase of expenditure. This resource, moreover, is at an end, unless we are to plunder the independent rajahs who have done us faithful service in our late difficulties. The natural limits of our Empire are reached at last, and it remains only to consolidate and improve the resources of the enormous territory which we have acquired. The new Indian Government is very much in the position of an heir who has come into possession of an unimproved estate of vast natural capabilities, but burdened with annual charges for debt and maintenance which more than swallow up its actual produce. It would not be fair to blame the Company for handing over its possessions in so undeveloped a condition. Its history has been a series of wars, many of them waged for mere existence. Until after the subjugation of our obstinate enemies, the Sikhs, there was no breathing time for peaceful works on a comprehensive scale. But no sooner was the last campaign against them concluded, than the Company commenced a system of material improvement, which, if not interrupted by the retrograde policy of the Council, will save India from the financial embarrassment which is now the most threatening danger to be faced. The results of the extraordinary activity which prevailed in the public works department, from the year 1850 up to the commencement of the mutiny, are most reassuring. An annual expenditure of upwards of 2,000,000*l.* on canals, and roads, and anicuts, may seem an over-bold policy for a Government which could scarcely provide for its ordinary expenditure without the aid of loans; but the enormous rate of profit secured by irrigation works shows that the most liberal is also the most economical policy. The Ganges Canal, of almost 900 miles in length, will, perhaps, when completed, have cost as much as 2,000,000*l.* But the estimated produce of the four-and-a-half millions of acres which it will fertilize, is no less than 7,000,000*l.* a-year. A very small proportion of this, levied in the shape of water-rate and extra assessment, would speedily replace the whole expenditure, and leave a large permanent addition to the revenue. The finished works have more than confirmed the expectations entertained of their productiveness. The Coleroon anicuts cost about 80,000*l.*, and the increase of revenue derived from them is 44,000*l.*, while the ryots have been further benefited to an amount estimated at 66,000*l.* per annum. Fifty per cent. is good interest; but the returns from the great anicut on the Godavery are even more satisfactory. Though the works are still unfinished, they have already repaid the entire cost, and the Madras Public Works Commissioners estimate the total increase of revenue at 300,000*l.* per annum, and the gain to the people at ten times that amount. All this will be effected by an outlay estimated at 264,000*l.*, so that the revenue will gain considerably more than 100 per cent. on the capital invested.

While the fertility of the land is capable of such surprising increase, the value of the crops admits of an almost equal improvement, by the provision of additional means of transit. Within the last few years 34,000,000*l.* has been invested in Indian railways, of which 22,000,000*l.* is already paid up. In two or three years more the fruits of this will be reaped in the construction of upwards of 4000 miles of railway, at no cost whatever to the Government; for even the small sections of the lines already opened have proved remunerative enough to cover the Government guarantee. With such examples before them of the success of an improving policy, it is scarcely credible that the Council of India can have resolved to abandon the only course by which our Eastern Empire can be saved from ruin. They have, entrusted to their management, an estate which, by judicious and liberal outlay, may be made as productive as they please. They have an unlimited command of capital, if they choose to call for it. On the other hand, they have to provide for annual expenses which cannot be reduced with safety, and which the present revenue of their property is insufficient to defray. There can surely be no room for hesitation as to the policy to be adopted. Parsimony must lead to annually increasing difficulties, and end in utter ruin. Liberality will entail for a few years a moderate increase in the annual charge, and will repay itself a hundred-fold by the rapid growth of the revenue and the steady ame-

lioration of the condition of the millions of natives whose future prosperity rests on the courage and wisdom of their English rulers. If this be—as all authority concurs in pronouncing it—a true picture of the facts, what can be the meaning of an announcement which threatens the abandonment of one important mode of developing the resources of India? It is possible that the authorities, in discontinuing the guarantee system, propose only to change the form of their operations, and to take the construction of all public works entirely into their own hands. But if the idea of the Council is to economize their funds by checking the career of improvement which had so happily commenced before the mutiny, they may as well begin to prepare their final balance-sheet with a view to the bankruptcy which cannot be long deferred.

THE IRISH MARE'S-NEST.

A VAST amount of needless excitement and alarm seems to have been awakened by the supposed discovery of symptoms of disaffection in the Irish peasantry, and by the measures which the Executive has thought necessary for its suppression. It did not need the revelations of Mr. DANIEL SULLIVAN, *alias* GOULD, process-server and approver, or the predictions which have been reprinted in the *Times* from the *Irish Moore's Almanack*, to prove that the hearty loyalty to which we are accustomed in England is not the prevalent feeling of Kerry, or even of Belfast. Yet it will require much more than has yet come to light to justify the wisdom of Viceregal Proclamations, State Prosecutions, and Special Commissions, all directed to the laudable end of punishing a set of attorneys' clerks and linendrapers' shopmen who have been amusing themselves by playing at treason in defiance of the QUEEN's authority. Of course, it is quite right that those who indulge in illegal pastimes should be taught to behave better. Little boys who persist in firing crackers in the streets of London on Guy Fawkes' day are very properly stopped by the police; and if Irish lads who are a trifle older, without being much wiser, go out to drill with wooden swords and pikes, and delude themselves into the belief that the Americans are about to invade Ireland and wrest it from the British Crown, a gentle dose of imprisonment (or what would be much better, a sound whipping) would be no more than their folly deserves. But to treat the Phoenix Club as a serious political conspiracy is to pay it more respect than it is entitled to. Supposing every word of the approver's evidence to be true—which is a liberal concession to a gentleman who has avowedly broken two oaths, and who declines to say whether charges of forgery and perjury have not been preferred against him—the formidable plot which has called forth so much official energy proves to be about as puerile and ridiculous an affair as could well be imagined. At the meetings of the conspirators, conviviality and politics were pleasantly combined. On one occasion, when seven men had been drilling at the Priest's Leap, the little army retired after its exertions to take refreshment, when every one was required to sing a national song, or make a speech setting forth how they would "gain the QUEEN and the independence of Ireland" as soon as the Americans had arrived to commence the war. The other assemblages were equally treasonable and equally absurd. The numbers present varied from half-a-dozen to a hundred; and the arms seen by the informer were pikes, wooden swords, and a couple of Enfield rifle bullets, without any gun to put them in. The most formidable evidence was given by an independent witness, who once saw four of the prisoners firing at a target; so that the rebel forces must be possessed of at least one stand of arms, besides a brace of pistols which belonged to the approver.

This is all that is revealed at present of the internal economy of the Phoenix Club; but alarmists have reinforced their fears by the perusal of the marvellous *Almanack* advertised by its enterprising publisher as "the only one assailed" by anti-Irish, unmeritable, anti-national, and anti-philosophical buzzards. Certainly some of the announcements are not quite complimentary to England. *Aprpos* of "Aries in trine to Cancer," we have America proclaimed as ready to let loose the dogs of war—to which is added the pithy address to John Bull, "Verily thou art a beaten beast, John." The prophecy for October is that the people of Ireland are beginning to demand back the confiscated glebe lands, which is accompanied by the singular but unobjectionable advice—"Great care should be taken to elect proper persons to the Town Council and Poor-law Boards, as oppression is on her death-bed in Ireland;" and the

same sort of trash is repeated for each successive month. These are the enemies against whom Lord EGLINTOUN has come out to do battle; and though it is said that not more than one extra company of troops has been marched into the disaffected districts, the LORD-LIEUTENANT will probably be able to maintain the authority of the QUEEN against Mr. MORTY DOWNING and his valiant brothers-in-arms. But are such heroes worthy of being encountered by a war of Proclamations and State Trials? The Government themselves seem to be in some doubt whether they may not end by making themselves ridiculous, for they have only ventured on an indictment for administering and taking illegal oaths, though, if the movement had anything serious in it, the prisoners ought to be put on their trial for high treason.

The Government apologists will doubtless urge that the carousals at the Priest's Leap and the predictions of the People's Almanack, however puerile in themselves, are unmistakable proofs of the existence of real disaffection. Of course they are; but our complaint against the Government is, not that they are persecuting loyally-disposed subjects, but that they are bringing out their most formidable engines to crush a conspiracy which might very well have been left to the ordinary operations of the local police, and which, even if undetected, could never have ripened into mischief half so serious as the panic which the measures of the LORD-LIEUTENANT are calculated to excite.

It is idle to attempt to eradicate by force the sort of disaffection which is now common in Ireland. While conspirators are really dangerous, a Government may perhaps wisely invite, by public proclamation, the aid of such vile instruments as hired approvers. But, notwithstanding the appalling disclosures of Mr. DANIEL SULLIVAN, we do not believe that Irish disaffection is capable of being developed again into a dangerous state. What remains of it is, for the most part, a mere sentimental feeling, like the Jacobitism which lingered so long and so harmlessly in the Highlands of Scotland after the idea of actual insurrection had been banished from the minds of all but foolish boys in their cups. Irish disaffection is of a less poetical description, but it is not a whit more practical than the disloyalty of the lairds who used to drink to His Majesty over the water. The impotent result of the genuine agitation of 1848 showed that practically the spirit of rebellion was exorcised from Ireland. At that time everything conspired to make the most of Irish treason. Years of drilling at O'CONNELL's monster meetings—a regular organization—a knot of leaders with eloquence enough to inflame the passions of the people almost to madness—the contagious example of successful insurrection throughout Europe—all utterly failed to produce any disturbance that a handful of police could not put down. And after the changes that have come over the country in the last ten years, it is preposterous to suppose that there is anything to be apprehended from the feeble sentiment of disaffection which may still be detected. When political discontent has outlived the period of action, the sentiment is best left to die out of itself, with as little notice as may be from the constituted authorities. All the force in the world will not infuse loyalty into men who like to fancy themselves rebels; but over-strong measures may do much mischief by encouraging the self-importance of such gentlemen as the members of the Phoenix Club, and alarming the minds of the timorous classes of society. It is social and not political crime against which the Irish Executive may have reason to be watchful. If the organization which called forth the proclamation had been at all akin to Ribbonism, there would have been justification enough for vigorous action, however questionable the particular course adopted may have been. But to use extraordinary weapons of statecraft to prevent a rebellion which can never take place, is a blunder for which it is not easy to find a plausible excuse, and which, in a country where confidence is so easily shaken as in Ireland, may be the means of seriously retarding the prosperity which promised at last to compensate for centuries of trouble and oppression.

ENGLAND AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

THE Americans would gain in the estimation of foreigners if they thought fit to entrust their public affairs to the conduct of gentlemen; yet vulgar bluster and unprincipled professions, put forward for electioneering purposes, furnish no ground whatever for international quarrels. Mr. BUCHANAN prepared the way for his election by advertising his desire for

the annexation of Cuba, and it is not surprising that Mr. DOUGLAS, who aspires to succeed him in the Presidency, should proclaim the expediency of acquiring Central America because it is halfway to California. Within a week from the delivery of a pacific Message, the official organ of the Administration at Washington reproduces the stereotyped threat of hostilities against England, and the journals of New York open their expansive columns to the absurdest narratives of supposed encroachments by English officers on the rights of the American flag. The offensive language of the orators and journalists of the Union is certainly annoying, and it may at any time encourage some reckless candidate for popularity to commit acts of violence for the purpose of involving the two countries in war; but in the meantime it is unnecessary for England to respond to a hackneyed verbal challenge. The public opinion of the United States precisely resembles the youthful conceit which has never been exposed to the wholesome correction of thrashings at school or of ridicule at college; and in their dealings with the touchy Republicans English Ministers must pay the penalty which was long since incurred through the imbecility of Lord NORTH, and the carelessness of Lord LIVERPOOL and Lord CASTLEREAGH. The first American war was like the contest of a drunken prize-fighter with an athletic but awkward ploughboy. The records of the struggle prove that it was almost impossible to avoid defeating the feeble resistance of the insurgents; yet the Ministry, the Opposition, and the generals who adorned that singular epoch of English history contrived by their failure to achieve an unparalleled triumph of ineptitude. The people of the United States naturally attributed to their own military prowess the credit which was in some degree due to the prudent daring of their founders; and when, forty years later, they engaged in war with England during the height of the great contest with NAPOLEON, their national vanity converted the contemptuous negligence of their enemy into a proof of their own irresistible strength. Having never engaged in a serious war against any great Power, and having no equals on their own Continent to enforce the rules of good neighbourhood, the Americans have some excuse for their ostentatious arrogance and for their disregard of international law. English statesmen best consult the dignity of their country by avoiding all just causes of quarrel, and by closing their ears to ignorant vituperation. The enlistment of an army and the equipment of a fleet would be a more serious ground for alarm than gasconading declamations in the Senate or official manifestoes in the *Washington Union*. Until the American Government prepares for war, a reasonable confidence may be placed in even its faintest professions of a desire for peace.

The present clamour seems more than ordinarily destitute of foundation. The captain of an English man-of-war is said, by some questionable correspondent of a New York paper, to have boarded an American steamer; and though it is clear from internal evidence that the story is substantially false, Washington patriots, in and out of office, have, as usual, shown themselves eager to turn it to account. It has, at the same time, been thought necessary to eke out the pretence of a grievance by affected apprehensions of a contingent affront, and England and France are warned that they will not be allowed to interfere with the proceedings of any filibusters who may commence operations on the Nicaraguan coast. Through the incapacity or connivance of the authorities, a vessel has sailed from Mobile with a body of adventurers engaged in WALKER's piratical enterprise, and sympathizers in all parts of the Union loudly declare that no foreign Power is entitled to throw impediments in the way of the lawless undertaking. As the ship has sailed without papers or clearance, she is in no degree entitled to the protection of the American flag; nor will the officers of the English squadron pay the smallest attention to any threats which may purport to interrupt the full execution of their orders. Lord DERBY's Government, with all its political defects, is entirely exempt from any suspicion of undue pugnacity, or even of extravagant susceptibility; and if a vigorous act of maritime police were really contemplated, there is every reason to believe that it would be strictly restrained within the limits of established law. In the mean time, it is altogether unnecessary to assume that there is the smallest probability of a collision. A practical attempt to defend the independence of Nicaragua might be consistent with legal maxims, but it would be in the highest degree impolitic and Quixotic. Every nation may have an abstract right to defend every other nation against the lawless encroachments of foreigners,

but Russia does not interfere in disputes between Brazil and the Argentine Republic, nor does the President of the UNITED STATES protest against the march of a French detachment through the Valley of Dappes in the Canton of Vaud. As all parties in a domestic quarrel repudiate external interference, neighbours naturally resent the interference of remote intruders with the acts of violence or injustice which they may think fit to perpetrate among themselves. The CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty is still binding in its letter, but it would be unwise to insist on an unprofitable engagement which is certain to be violated. The Americans will find constant excuses for exercising authority in the neighbourhood of the Isthmus, and England has no motive of duty or of interest for defending the independence of the mongrel Spanish population. When the right of passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific is once formally secured, the treaty will for ever after run with the land, and if it is violated there will be an obvious justification for an appeal to force. The Republics of Central America, if they are unable to defend their own independence, must pay the ordinary penalty of weakness, barbarism, and corruption.

If there is any object in defeating the projects of the Filibusters, prudence would suggest the expediency of throwing the responsibility of the invasion on the Cabinet of Washington. In the absence of foreign intervention, the Federal Government can only escape the suspicion of complicity either by avowing its helplessness or by putting down the enterprise; and it is evident that the piratical adventurers themselves would be glad of any proceeding on the part of England which would make their cause popular among their own countrymen. As hypocrisy is the tribute of vice to virtue, so the complaint of English interference may be considered as the homage of Filibustering cupidity to the respectable feeling of American patriotism. Jealousy of European intervention is not in itself unreasonable, although it may be untenable when it provokes inquiry and contradiction in the tangible form of an arbitrary "MONROE doctrine." The seas and lands of the world are free, in the same sense in which a Welsh mountain affords equal rights of common to the farmers of twenty parishes. In practice the owners of large flocks occupy exclusive ranges of sheep-walk; and their poorer or more distant neighbours find by experience that it is more convenient to imitate their practice than to dispute their claim.

The dislike of the United States to the presence of numerous and active foreign cruisers in the Caribbean Sea will be perfectly intelligible to those who remember that England also has had dealings with weaker and less civilized neighbours. A French or American fleet off Rangoon would have been regarded with little favour at Calcutta on the eve of the conquest of Pegu, nor would it at this moment be satisfactory to find that Nepaul was attempting to enter into diplomatic relations with European Powers. The Afghan war was precipitated through a sudden alarm at the presence of SIMONITCH at Herat, and at the secret intrigues of VICOVITCH at Cabul and Candahar. It is natural that a great empire should assume a certain monopoly of influence over the inferior races in its immediate neighbourhood; and a wise policy would dictate the abandonment of Central American affairs to the Government which regards them with the most active interest. If the States were still provinces connected by a nominal union with Great Britain, it is idle to suppose that the extension of the national dominion in America would be unpopular in England. The great Federal Republic inherits the rights and propensities of the Thirteen Colonies, and the projected encroachments on Central America correspond to the enterprises against Spain of which the moribund Mosquito Protectorate is a relic and reminiscence. The seizure of WALKER and his accomplices by any English officer would be a most untoward and embarrassing success. The men may be pirates by legal definition, but in fact they are only reckless adventurers, and their crime is an offence to their own country or to Nicaragua, rather than an outrage against the general law of nations. The crew of the vessel which has sailed from Mobile are somewhat less guilty than NICOTERA and his comrades, and their seizure is as little the business of an English man-of-war as the capture of the *Cagliari*. As judges say on the Bench, cases now and then arise in which it is necessary to exercise a little common sense, and the Government will be well advised in regarding the affairs of Central America with exclusive reference to their own duties, and to the interest of the country.

THE PROFESSION OF JOURNALISM.

THE volume of the *Cambridge Essays* which has just appeared contains an article on "Newspapers and their Writers," by Mr. Beresford Hope, full of matter that must necessarily interest newspaper writers, and may interest many newspaper readers. Of the merits of the article we will leave others to judge, as it is with the subject rather than with its treatment that we are concerned; but we think no one can read it without being struck by the great freshness and kindliness of mind which it displays. The main aim of Mr. Hope's article is to explain to the public what a newspaper is, how it is managed, and what are the material relations of the different members of its staff; and then, when the public understands this, to ask whether it would not be just and wise that journalism should be recognised as a profession, honoured in society, and counted within the range of vocations into which young men of birth and education may be sent by their parents. Newspapers, Mr. Hope observes, are invested with a fabulous power, but newspaper-writers are thought very poorly of. In a spirit of good-natured enthusiasm, Mr. Hope desires that society should come exactly to the opposite conclusion, and, while perceiving that a newspaper is only a newspaper, should "regard a journalist as such by virtue of his profession in the light of a gentleman, one of that untitled noblesse which exists with more or less completeness in all civilized countries, upon a social footing of equality."

Mr. Hope sees clearly that the claim which may be urged for journalism, may also be put forward on behalf of many other ways of earning an honest livelihood which are of great public use, and which require for success high intellectual qualities, but which are not within the list of professions which give the conventional standing of a gentleman to their members. Mr. Hope sees, too, that if all professions are to be thought gentlemanly, it must also be thought that gentlemen can condescend to enter them. So he fairly takes the bull by the horns, and says that he is "anxious for the day when a Lord William can take his M.D. degree, a Lord George be admitted attorney-at-law and solicitor in the High Court of Chancery, a Lord Edward become a painter, and a Lord Thomas sign his articles to a civil engineer or an architect." If Mr. Hope lives to see the day for which he is anxious, we are glad to think that he will attain a good old age. The sons of great families are not likely to join these outside professions while English society is constituted as it is. For a man cannot succeed in them without industry and ability; and if a nobleman has industry and ability, he is sure of advancement in the recognised professions. It is only when a young lord is stupid and idle that there is any difficulty in providing for him, and even then he had better go into a profession where his friends can give him a quiet turn, than into one where jobbing is impossible. The real truth is, that the outside professions—those into which a gentleman may enter if he pleases, and dares, but which do not stamp him as a gentleman—will always remain in their present position as long as the external homage of society in a recognised and constituted form is withheld from them. The church, the bar, the army and navy, are in repute, not only for their intrinsic merits, but because they lead to the possession of external marks of honour which no one can gainsay. If there is to be a new value set on the lower professions, it can only be done by similar marks of honour being conceded to them also. The only practicable and satisfactory mark of honour is the elevation to the peerage, and unless the nation is to be burdened with endless pensions, or poverty is to be a barrier, the peerage must in most cases be granted for life only. We are not arguing now in favour of life-peerages. There is much to be said in favour of retaining the connexion between the House of Peers and the land which already exists. But the real question for those who wish to see new professions raised to a social level with the old ones, is whether they wish to see the system of life-peerages introduced.

But it is obvious that journalism is not even so far advanced as the professions standing outside the privileged professions, for it is not recognised as a profession at all; and it is not quite easy to see how a profession can be recognised until it exists in a definite shape. Now, journalism embraces such a wide variety of degrees with which time and ability are applied to newspaper writing, that any one term can scarcely comprehend all. It is one of the great attractions of newspaper writing that any one can begin at once. There is no favour to ask, no money to lay out. If a person can write, he may make himself a journalist in a few hours. If he ceases to write, he can at any moment cease to be a journalist. A character thus easily put on and off is too indefinite and fugitive to be recognised as a profession. And even of those who devote themselves seriously and constantly to newspaper writing, a very large number belong to some other profession. It is their great wish not to be recognised as journalists, and if society insists on recognising them it will simply deter them from writing. It must be remembered that journalism is a vocation with very few prizes, and there is so great a difficulty in making beyond a certain small annual sum by newspaper writing, that it would be a very severe test of devotion to journalism to ask writers to put themselves out of the chance of rising in other ways. There is of course a class of professed journalists who make it their business to live by editing and

writing for newspapers. But journals are of such different classes, and are so very easily commenced, altered, and discontinued, that one journalist has no more connexion or similarity of position with another than one journal has with another. A journalist must take standing by the standing of the journal with which he is connected, and society cannot be expected to smile on him unless his journal is of high character, of good repute, and perfectly independent. The men who make it their business to connect themselves, as in a distinct profession, with such journals, are the men who have drawn the very few and very modest prizes of journalism. There are certainly not twenty men in London who are making even a thousand a year by the highest kind of journalism. Is it true that society is hard and contemptuous towards these few men, considering that in a country where money and station are so much thought of, their professional income is so comparatively small, and they are not in a recognised line towards advancement?

Undoubtedly there is a slight feeling against journalists, but this is greatly caused by their writings being anonymous. They take their standing, as we have said, by the standing of their journal, and every journal creates enemies. The journal gets a character apart from the writers; and then the writers, when they come forward as the authors of what is said, are stamped with the general character of the journal. The only way for journalists to avoid this would be for them to let all the world know exactly what they write. Mr. Hope says that reviewers have already won the position to which he wishes to see journalists arrive. So far as this is true, it is true because a review is always attributed to a particular writer, and connected with his name. The length of a review alone makes us ask who wrote it, if it is good, for we get a great deal of a man in fifty pages, and are thus aware that it is an individual and not a corporate body that is addressing us. But no one is exactly sure which article in a newspaper is written by which contributor, and this tends to make every contributor answerable for the mistakes, animosities, and misrepresentations that may appear in any part of the paper. We greatly prefer that newspaper writers should remain anonymous, as the public gain from the greater freedom, independence, and variety of anonymous journalism far outweighs the private advantage which some contributors might reap from its being known exactly which article was theirs. But so long as each contributor has to take his standing by the general character of the whole contributions, it is impossible but that he should have some social prejudices and hostilities to encounter. On the whole, we do not think journalists have much to complain of, nor does it appear to us that the true direction of their social rise is to be found in the artificial recognition of their occupation as a distinct profession, when the kinds of journalism are so different and so distinct. The right elevation of the journalist is to raise the journal with which he is connected, to make it continually more and more able, free, and honest. If he does this, society will in the long run be sure to give him his due. We do not, therefore, entirely agree with Mr. Hope's main position, but still we can sincerely recommend his lively and instructive essay to the notice, not only of the general public, which is always on the look-out for the revelation of the mystery of newspapers, but of those whose personal experience enables them to criticise its contents.

FAITH AND BUSINESS.

MOST persons who have had an opportunity of observing the innumerable philanthropic and religious societies which abound in this country have been rather surprised at their business-like character. It is not that the means selected by these societies for working out their respective objects are necessarily business-like; for this could surprise no one. The adjustment of administrative means to contemplated ends is the same process, whether those ends be religious or secular, selfish or benevolent. But we are surprised to observe that this business-like character usually extends to the very constitution of the society itself. The essence of these societies is the subscription list. This list requires watching, revising, and augmenting. If it fall off, suitable persons must be solicited to contribute; if it increase, this, too, should be stated; for quite as many persons are incited by success as can be stimulated by the fear of failure. Nor must the contributors' zeal be permitted to flag. Reports must be sent to them. Their names must be printed and reprinted. A watchful secretary must preside over the matter. We are all familiar with this process, more or less, and we seem to prove to ourselves that it is inevitable. If pure zeal be rare, lukewarm interest is common. We need an organized machinery by which that interest may be quickened, and by which it may be made fruitful. We must compel men to "come in;" and if we go into the highways, we must have carts, and waggons, and shoes ready. Philanthropy must submit to the machinery of philanthropy. Yet though these reflections are unanswerable, they can never be pleasing; and perhaps some of our readers, like ourselves, may turn with interest to the account of a philanthropic institution which disowns this earthly organization entirely.

We have now before us a *Brief Narrative of Facts relative to the New Orphan Houses (for 700 Children) on Ashley Down, Bristol, and the other Objects of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad*, written by Mr. George Müller,

its manager, whose exposition of "ways and means" is as follows:—

This, then, esteemed reader, is the position of the work as to funds: Suppose the outgoings of the work are after the rate of 300*l.* per week, and often they have been much greater still; and suppose little or nothing were to come in for some time; we should not send out circulars, we should have no agents going through the country, we should have no public meetings in various places, we should not write letters to friends to make known our wants, we should not even indirectly give hints to wealthy believers, who are interested in the work, to let them know that we are in need; nay, if we were asked, under such circumstances, how the funds were, we should give no reply whatever whereby an inference could be drawn that they were low: we should only give ourselves to prayer for means; but we should not trust in the Reports, and expect that they would bring in something, but trust in the Living God, who has the hearts of all in his hands, and to whom all the gold and silver belongs. And this mode we have uniformly pursued, without the least wavering, for more than twenty years.

Whatever we may think of his financial principles, there can be no doubt of Mr. Müller's success. The Institution has two parts. One is an Orphan Home, and the other a Miscellaneous Religious Department, for the distribution of tracts, the aid of missionaries, &c. For the first object, 102,714*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* have been collected "without," says Mr. Müller, "any one having been applied to for anything by me;" and for the second, 28,297*l.* 12*s.* 11*d.* The donations for the year ending the 26th May, 1857, were 11,348*l.* for the two objects together:—

I take [says Mr. Müller] this opportunity of stating, for the honour of the Lord, and for the benefit of my younger fellow-believers, and for others weak in the faith, that nearly twenty-eight years since I gave up my regular salary as minister of the Gospel, and have from that time been enabled to trust in the Living God alone for the supply of my temporal necessities. Neither in connexion with the ministry of the word, nor as Director of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad, have I had any stipend, salary, or regular income whatever, since that time; but, while this has been lacking, because it was not desired, the Lord has, during this long period of nearly twenty-eight years, most bountifully supplied all my temporal necessities, yea, so much so, that, if with all my might I had aimed after a good salary, it is not at all likely, humanly speaking, that I should have had as much, as He has been pleased to give me unsought for.

There can be no question but that this is success. Mr. Müller rather unnecessarily says that he is not "weary of this way of living."

The same spirit is carried into the administration of the Society. "To suppose," says Mr. Müller, "that we have difficulty only about money would be a mistake; there occur hundreds of other wants, and hundreds of other difficulties." He gives us an instance:—

It was towards the end of November of last year (1857), when I was most unexpectedly informed that the boiler of our heating apparatus at the New Orphan House, No. 1, leaked very considerably, so that it was impossible to go through the winter with such a leak. Our heating apparatus consists of a large cylinder boiler, inside of which the fire is kept, and with which boiler the water-pipes which warm the rooms are connected. Hot air is also connected with this apparatus. This now was my position. The boiler had been considered suited for the work of the winter; the having had ground to suspect its being worn out, and not to have done anything towards its being replaced by a new one, and to have said I will trust in God regarding it, would be careless presumption, but not faith in God. It would be the counterfeit of faith.

He explains that he naturally thought of the introduction of "temporary gas stoves," but found that he "could not spare a sufficient quantity of gas from our lighting apparatus." He also considered whether Arnott stoves would be suitable, but decided that they would disfigure the rooms, and were too uncertain to be tried. The conclusion must be given in his own words:—

Glady would I have paid 100*l.*, if thereby the difficulty could have been overcome, and the children not be exposed to suffer for many days from being in cold rooms. At last I determined on falling entirely into the hands of God, who is very merciful and of tender compassion, and I decided on having, at all events, the brickchamber opened, to see the extent of the damage, and to see whether the boiler might be repaired, so as to carry us through the winter. The day was fixed when the workmen were to come, and all the necessary arrangements were made. The fire, of course, had to be let out while the repairs were going on. But now see. After the day was fixed for the repairs, a bleak north wind set in. It began to blow either on Thursday or Friday before the Wednesday afternoon when the fire was to be let out. Now came the first really cold weather, which we had in the beginning of last winter, during the first days of December. What was to be done? The repairs could not be put off. I now asked the Lord for two things, viz., that he would be pleased to change the North wind into a South wind, and that he would give to the workmen "a mind to work;" for I remembered how much Nehemiah accomplished in fifty-two days, whilst building the walls of Jerusalem, because "the people had a mind to work." Well, the memorable day came. The evening before, the bleak North wind blew still; but, on the Wednesday, the South wind blew: exactly as I had prayed. The weather was so mild that no fire was needed. The brickwork is removed, the leak is found out very soon, the boiler-makers begin to repair in good earnest. About half-past eight in the evening, when I was going to leave the New Orphan House for my home, I was informed at the lodge, that the acting principal of the firm whence the boiler-makers came was arrived, to see how the work was going on, and whether he could in any way speed the matter. I went immediately, therefore, into the cellar, to see him with the men, to seek to expedite the business. In speaking to the principal of this, he said in their hearing, "the men will work late this evening, and come very early again to-morrow." "We would rather, Sir," said the leader, "work all night." Then remembered I the second part of my prayer, that God would give the men "a mind to work." Thus it was: by the morning the repair of the boiler was accomplished, the leak was stopped, though with great difficulty, and within about thirty hours the brickwork was up again and the fire in the boiler; and all the time the South wind blew so mildly that there was not the least need of a fire.

Here, then, is one of our difficulties which was overcome by prayer and faith.

We do not think there can be any doubt of Mr. Müller's entire sincerity—it has been tested very severely. He has resided for many years in the same place, and among the same people

the peculiar principles of his "Institution" have attracted much attention; and he has published an autobiography, the most dangerous course for one who does not wish that his life should be investigated. Scrutiny so invited could not but be keen, and yet Mr. Müller continues to be exceedingly respected, and his Institution still flourishes. The facts which he narrates, therefore, suggest the inquiry, How can the success of a systematic procedure which seems at first sight opposed to common-sense be reconciled with common-sense?

In the first place, the mode in which Mr. Müller manages is more in accordance with common-sense than his principles would at first sight appear to imply. In the matter of the boiler, the most sensible course would seem to have been to open the brick chamber in which this secular apparatus was enclosed, to investigate the extent of the damage, and, if it was capable of being repaired, to amend it forthwith. The most earthly system of administration would have suggested no course more evidently expedient, and it was this course which Mr. Müller adopted. The remark is capable of a very extensive application. A great many remarkable men have attained very decided success in the world, and have at the same time disowned what would seem to be the principles of worldly action. The truth is, that in such men the practical—we might say the worldly—instinct is so strong as to be almost unconscious. They adopt the plain, obvious, practical plan, but they throw around it a haze of doctrine deduced from their peculiar conceptions of human helplessness and divine direction. Their actions are in accordance with this world—their theories are antagonistic to its inevitable conditions. Yet we ought not to question their sincerity. Few men really know on what grounds they act, and characters of instinctive practicality know this least of all. They are propelled by what may be perhaps called an impulse of sense, and their avowed reasons are at the best justifications of a foregone conclusion—sometimes are only reconcilements of that conclusion with spiritual principles from which it would seem remote. Sir Walter Scott has drawn the picture of such a character in Balfour of Burley. "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry," is the motto of the Puritan times. In our own, Mr. Müller did not decide "on falling entirely into the hands" of Providence before he had also decided on pulling down the brickwork and detecting the deficiencies of the boiler.

It may be asked how a sincere man can continue for years to persuade himself that he will really obtain what money he wants, what wind is most convenient for him, what temper of mind he wishes for in his *employés*, by simply asking for it. The experience of the best of our race, it will be said, has shown that no such answers of detail are given to supplication—perhaps it has shown that they should not be wished for. Several replies may be suggested to this question. In the first place, persons who so think are very often persons of a well-judging instinct, who ask only for that which is likely to happen, and who therefore commonly receive what they ask for when it does happen. Mr. Müller certainly cannot be charged with confining his petitions to things that are rare. He relates that he received—

From Brixton Hill, London, a purse, an old half-crown, four old shillings, four old sixpences, six other small silver coins, a brooch, three pinnafores, a worked mat, and a pair of cuffs. Again and again have I been asking the Lord of late to incline the hearts of his children to send me their old gold and silver coins, and other valuable but needless articles, and almost daily something of this kind has come to hand in answer to prayer.

Assuming a great number of persons to take an interest in a well-managed orphan school, there is every probability that they would send an immense number of such things, as soon as it was known that they would be acceptable. We can quite understand, too, that to Mr. Müller the constant receipt of old brooches may be an additional evidence of the truth of his principles. It may seem absurd, but such is human nature.

Another peculiarity of perhaps all teachers who hold views analogous to Mr. Müller's is their constant inculcation of the doctrine of patience. You are certain that you will get that which you ask for in the end, but it may be a long time in coming. The advantageousness of the doctrine is evident. It is certain that those who confine their petitions to events of frequent occurrence will find that sooner or later those events occur. Every few days there will be a south wind in this climate; and a person who has asked for that wind will be confirmed in his principles. Mr. Müller relates, however, one most singular case which does not at all seem to be included within this rule:—

In September, 1856 [he tells us], I was informed that the late Mrs. S. of Clifton, had left me, for the benefit of the orphans, a legacy of 500*l*. When, therefore, about fourteen months had elapsed, and the legacy was not paid to me, I felt it my duty, as a steward, to ask whether there was any reason why the legacy was not paid, and was informed by the solicitor, in whose hands the business was, that that part of the property out of which the legacy was to be paid was in Chancery. Most of my readers will, therefore, suppose, that there was but little prospect of soon obtaining the money. However, my universal remedy for every difficulty and trial and disappointment, viz., faith and prayer, were now resorted to under this difficulty, and I asked the Lord that He would be pleased, contrary to all human appearances, to cause this money soon to come to hand, and, accordingly, on Feb. 4th, 1858, the legacy of 500*l*. was paid to me with interest from Aug. 29th, 1857; up to this day, at the rate of four per cent., being 8*l*. 9*s*. 1*d*. Let this instance be a further encouragement to the believing reader, to turn everything into prayer, and to use prayer for the removal of his difficulties; but, at the same time, to wait patiently the Lord's time, and fully to believe that, as assuredly as it is a real good for him, the answer will be granted.

Have our lawyers any terrestrial explanation of the payment of a legacy which was the subject of a suit in Chancery?

The last sentence, however, suggests the most effectual mode of escaping any difficult case which might be otherwise considered not in accord with Mr. Müller's theory. We are only to receive what we ask for, as assuredly as it is a "real good to us." This is but chill comfort, and quite unromantic doctrine. We have all heard this all our lives. If the south wind had not blown, it would not have been good for Mr. Müller that it should blow. If "three pinnafores" had not been sent it would have been a "real good" to Mr. Müller that they should not be sent. Scepticism does not know what to make of a theory which thus slips away. What is a "real good." Is the mending of the boiler a "real good?" Are the orphan houses a "real good?"—are tracts?—are missionaries? We cannot test a doctrine which is prepared with so obvious an explanation of every failure.

Possibly the success of Mr. Müller's Institution is not a very difficult matter to account for after all. As we have said, he evidently manages it very well. We have not a doubt but that he does a great deal of good. Numbers of people would soon come to take an interest in what he was doing. He is just the sort of man to obtain help, for he has the practical sense to make a good use of all which is given him. We question, too, whether any of the recognised modes of advertising a charity are likely to be so effectual as the announcement that it was managed on Mr. Müller's peculiar principles. The Report before us proves that it is pretty well known to be so managed, and that his motives have excited much sympathy in many quarters. We have no doubt that Mr. Müller is quite sincere in saying that he has never asked help from a human being. But has he not done something more captivating? The biographer of poor Haydon described his perpetual petitions to Providence for relief from his debts, as "begging letters addressed to the Almighty." Mr. Müller has not only addressed but published such begging letters. If he has not asked any one on earth, he has allowed every one to overhear his petitions to Heaven. Although, therefore, we firmly believe that Mr. Müller has achieved a very great deal of good, we cannot admit that there is anything unaccountable in his success, or that there is anything in the nature of his Society inconsistent with the familiar principles of common-sense.

ONE-VOLUME NOVELS.

OF the immense variety of new forms of literature which have been developed by the spread of education, the universal cultivation of the habit of composition, and the immense demand which has of late years sprung up for light literature, few are more remarkable than a particular class of novels, to which it is not easy to give any more distinctive general appellation than that which we have prefixed to this article. Three-volume novels are the children of the circulating libraries. They are articles of commerce, and are constructed with a view to certain well-established usages and well-ascertained tastes. We know the rules of the course, the names, weights, and colours of the riders, the prizes which are to be run for; and we could, at most stages of the proceeding, bet with all but infallible accuracy on the result of the race. The one-volume novel is altogether a different kind of production. It is almost always the work—and in most cases the first work—of a young and somewhat clever and sensitive author or authoress. It is also in most cases written upon the same topic, though one of its most characteristic features is that its plot is original, and differs from that of almost every other member of its class.

One-volume novels may, perhaps, be not unfairly described as the accounts which people give of their dreams on waking from their first sleep. To a person of cultivation and sensibility, life appears on his first entrance into it in colours which, if not intensely delightful, are at any rate intensely interesting. He throws himself into a variety of pursuits with unflagging zest. His heart cheers him in the days of his youth, and he walks in the ways of his heart, and in the sight of his eyes; but after a time he learns the lesson which every one learns—many so early that they cannot remember having learnt it—that the world is full of all sorts of confusion, turmoil, and injustice. He discovers that if a reasonable person is to continue, after very early youth indeed, to take an interest in its affairs and to devote himself to its pursuits, he stands in the most urgent need of principles of action by which he must steer his course, and that the principles which have been instilled into him by his various pastors and masters are not only beset with very considerable difficulties, but are on a great number of most interesting subjects extremely hard to understand or to apply. Many persons are immersed in business so early that they have no time for such reflections. Some are too dull, too yielding, or too commonplace to feel the weight of them. Others are forced by the pressure of circumstances to take their course in life at once, and are thus violently diverted from them. But, given the necessary quantity of power, of sensibility, and of leisure, they are nearly sure to occur to every one. Most men who combine the requisites which we have mentioned (unless they have been so fortunate as to have learnt in early youth principles which subsequent experience has only confirmed and deepened) can look back upon a period which sometimes has been passed in mere restlessness, sometimes in a fruitless scepticism, sometimes in that

serious and deep self-examination which often decides the whole course of future life. In whatever result it may finally terminate, the state of mind which we have described is emphatically transitory. It is a fermentation which after a time subsides, leaving behind it sometimes good wine, sometimes bad vinegar, but, generally speaking, small beer, of the average and not unwholesome quality.

One-volume novels are almost universally either the result or the monument of this state of mind. A man is so much interested in the stage through which his mind either is passing or has passed, that he feels as if it were a sort of duty to mankind in general, whilst he is sure that it will be a great amusement and relief to himself in particular, to make public the tenor of his observations on life. Such stories have, generally speaking, considerable merits, because they are usually written by people of good education and of lively talent, and also because they do, as far as they go, embody real feelings and experience; but we cannot help thinking that, in a very large majority of cases, it is a misfortune to be the author of such a book. There are two objections which apply to writing works of this kind, and which appear to us to afford all but conclusive reasons against their composition, or at any rate against their publication. The first reason is that, with whatever mask the author may choose to cover his design, such novels always are substantially devices for indulging the dangerous habit—if indeed it is not to be called the vice—of self-description. There is nothing which novelists deprecate so eagerly as the imputation that their heroes are meant for themselves. Every one who has the common instincts of manliness and propriety must feel that for any man to sit down deliberately to draw his own portrait and to make public his own recollections—recollections probably to which he justly attaches an all but sacred value—to make capital out of his affections, and to communicate confidentially to the world at large thoughts which he would never have the impudence to communicate to an individual—is an action which can only be described as grossly indecent and unworthy of any man who values independence and self-respect. A man who deserves the name would infinitely prefer passing his life as a journeyman shoemaker, often out of work, to rising to the highest pitch of fame and influence at the price of having written *Rousseau's Confessions*. Nothing short of a strong sense of religious duty overcoming natural feeling could justify a man in removing the veil which is kindly and wisely thrown by the constitution of our nature over the secrets of every heart; and, indeed, even that one motive is so frequently the mere cloak to a miserable pruriency, which craves for sympathy as a professional beggar whines for halfpence, that most of the publications which are professedly dictated by it are looked on with just suspicion by the great mass of mankind. The class of novels to which we are alluding are devices for doing that by stealth which their authors would blush to do avowedly; and inasmuch as the impudence and publicity are perhaps the most important elements of the offence, the underhand arrangement is for once less objectionable than the open and public one. Substantially, however, both the one and the other stand on the same footing, and are condemned by the same principle.

It is impossible to produce direct evidence of the truth of our assertion, because it would involve personality to attempt to do so; but we assert, with perfect confidence of the truth of our statement, that in a large proportion of novels written in the present day, the characters are only the author set in different lights. A one-volume novel almost always is virtually a literary adaptation of an ingenious device which used to be exhibited at the Polytechnic. There was a sort of arbour, made of mirrors, so arranged, that when any one entered it he saw his own face in twenty different attitudes, and from as many points of view. One showed the back of his head and the cut of his shoulders, another his profile, a third his hair, a fourth his ear, cheek, and the back view of his whiskers, a fifth the lower surfaces of the chin, upper lip, nostrils, and eyelid. Just in the same manner, the characters in a novel are the author as he felt when in high spirits, the author in a sceptical state of mind, the author when he determined to devote himself to common-sense and practical life, the author in love, the author when he had lost his illusions, and every now and then the author on his death-bed. We could mention more books than one in which the novelists—in some instances men who have, since the publication of their respective books, come to a ludicrously different way of thinking—had obviously mentally rehearsed their own death-bed scenes with a minuteness which, to any one who knows the real men, living, prosperous, healthy, and the fathers of rising families, is unutterably absurd. This our friend who is now as comfortable and prosaic a gentleman as those who wish him best could desire, is the man who laid himself out some years since with all the gusto of Mrs. Gamp, who felt a melancholy satisfaction in screwing down his own coffin-lid, in choosing a romantic spot for his grave, and a laconic epitaph for his tombstone. This is the man who thought, "When I die people will stand round my bed and weep, because I shall insist on repelling, with perfect politeness, but with inflexible decision, all attempts to extract from me the customary orthodox sentiments." This is the man who put down in a printed book the grim satisfaction with which he reflected on the probability that his last moments would puzzle the vicar of his parish, and be hallowed by the picturesque regrets of a half-imaginary wife. When Malvolio anticipated his happiness with Olivia, he was only overheard by Maria and Sir Toby Belch; but the sort of novel to which we

are referring is an arrangement by which men are enabled to perpetuate, in proportion to their abilities, the most ludicrous of all ludicrous positions.

There is, however, another objection to these novels, which is of a still graver kind. They are the memorials of what is always an exceptional and transitory, and generally a more or less diseased state of mind. Fermentation is an anarchical chaotic business, and is only valuable in its results. As a process it is simply disgusting. When a man's mind is in this fermenting state, he is full of all sorts of conflicting views. Sometimes he is romantic, sometimes practical; sometimes he turns to the orthodox, sometimes to the heretical view of life: sometimes he is a Stoic, sometimes an Epicurean, sometimes a fatalist, sometimes what Calvinistic Methodists occasionally describe as "a noxious free-willer." That there is something to be said for all these and a vast variety of other theories on men and things, is a truth as old as human experience. The result of the controversy, and how it was brought about, are the only circumstances relating to it which any one could possibly wish to know, if indeed any one cared to know so much. In a vast proportion of cases there is no result at all, or at least none in the least degree worth knowing. The legitimate consequence is that the proceedings (as the newspapers say of trials) are not of sufficient public interest to warrant a report. As, however, the author is usually anxious to report them, he finds the novel a most convenient form of literature for his purpose. A novel draws no conclusions, and commits a man to nothing. It enables the author to get the pleasures without the responsibilities of speculation. It is a received canon that novels ought to have no moral, and therefore their writers consider that they are absolved from even trying to arrive at conclusions. They preach by turns fifty doctrines, throwing themselves into each for the time with all the energy which they can command; and when they are taxed with any special opinion, they always shift the responsibility on to the character. The novelist has no opinions at all. His characters have; but then they are mere works of art, and their opinions are made to fit them. In a large proportion of cases this is a mere pretence by which a man is at once relieved from the trouble and anxiety of making up his mind, and enabled to throw upon the public, in an unavowed and irresponsible shape, a vast mass of crude and contradictory speculation on the most important subjects. It appears to us that this is a great evil, inasmuch as it is at once a dishonest device and a direct and powerful encouragement to levity, indecision, and vagueness of mind. In nineteen cases out of twenty, our advice to the author of an unpublished one-volume novel would be, Ask yourself honestly whether your book is not really a description of yourself and of your own moods and experiences. If so, unquestionably put it behind the fire. If not, it will probably still be your wisest course.

THE VICTORIA THEATRE CATASTROPHE.

AS we stand at the opposite pole to our French neighbours in all that concerns the liberty of the subject, we must expect occasional disasters as the price we pay for our immunity from police and municipal interference. Not that, in point of fact, the Englishman is half so free as he fancies himself to be. Railways, steamboats, mines—all are surrounded by a stiff palisade of enactments against a reckless and careless exposure of human life; and merely to look through our Police and Sanitary and Building Acts, they present as complete a theoretical security against risk of life, health, and limb as could be imagined. And yet wholesale accidents are, perhaps, on the increase. Not a month passes but we hear of some explosion of fire-damp, as though Sir H. Davy had never lived. Whole houses or whole rocks fall in Blackfriars or in Torquay, as though there were no Building Act, no district surveyors, no municipal authorities; and every fifth of November is regularly celebrated by an anticipatory explosion of half a street, with half a score of maimed and killed. Is it that we are stupidly blind and deaf to danger, or that after any terrible calamity we are so cold and heartless as not to attempt to do something to prevent its recurrence? This is not the fault of the British temper. On the contrary, we set to work with a will. We extemporize some law very fierce and trenchant—so fierce and trenchant that, like the lion in *Scriblerus*—

Its very shadow is afraid of it,

and it dies frightened to death by itself.

For example, we have a law prohibiting the sale of fireworks. The whole thing is illegal, and yet it is notorious that not only may anybody buy as many fireworks as he pleases, but that they are made as well as vended in the more crowded neighbourhoods. And so it comes to pass that, *because* we prohibit fireworks, a street is blown up. The law overreaches itself by its completeness and severity. It is just the same with street-walkers, and brothels, and gaming-houses. They are illegal—absolutely and totally illegal; but they are practically legalized in all their abuses by the very fact of their theoretical and abstract illegality. Just as in morals it is the most certain way of educating a profligate to bring him up in artificial ignorance and seclusion, so we defeat our object by over-strictness in legislation. What we want in all these cases is to regulate what we cannot prohibit.

The accident at the Victoria Theatre is not only no new thing,

but as old as experience of theatres and places of similar resort reaches. The finest specimens of antiquity, the great amphitheatres of classical times, present the most complete arrangements for emptying a place of public resort in the shortest possible time. The ancients knew the danger, and provided against it. The *Vomitoria* were strictly what their name implies. And 80,000 Roman spectators who might have crowded the Colosseum could have quitted that vast theatre in half the time which it takes modern science to empty one of our little theatres of its 3000 occupants. From the day when "the people trod" on that old Jewish "lord in the gate until he died," there has been no lack of proof of the dangers and panic fears attendant upon large crowds. Accidents of this sort have occurred at more than one of our English coronations; and omens of coming wrath on a reign so sadly inaugurated were never wanting. And had it not happened that the Lambeth Marsh catastrophe had been anticipated by the Surrey Gardens tragedy, we should doubtless have heard that the denizens of the New Cut were sinners above all the Galileans of London, and that a judgment on theatrical amusements was to be traced to the bad building and bad management of the Royal Victoria Theatre.

But though it is easy enough to say that a little foresight and a little attention to the warning at Mr. Spurgeon's meeting-house might have taught much caution, yet, on the whole, lamentable as the accident is, it almost seems one against which no recognised precaution could have availed. The gallery staircase at the Victoria is said to be uncommonly spacious; and the approaches are not only good, but the whole matter had recently come under Mr. Donne's special examination. No forethought can ever prevent an alarm of fire; and no persuasion or eloquence can persuade people to be quiet under such circumstances. But the alarm of fire alone would have perhaps produced no fatal results, had it not been unfortunately raised when two crowds were all but in actual collision. On any other occasion, and almost at any other moment of last Monday evening, the alarm of fire would not have precipitated a frightened crowd on a dense and unyielding because unalarmed crowd below; and it would be almost as hopeless to call for especial foresight against this contingency as against the accident on the Great Western Railway a few years ago, when a wheel-tire flew off from one carriage at the very moment when an express train on the other line was passing, and at the very angle which projected it into a passenger's brain. Nor can we join in the censure which has been passed against having two performances in one day. Except so far as the mere fact of a crowd is in itself dangerous, there was no special danger either in the particular amusement or in the particular construction of the theatre. The real cause of the accident was remote, but one which we have already specified as the fruitful parent of other disasters. The alarm of fire has been traced to a boy with his pocket full of portable combustibles which accidentally ignited, and the death of some twenty persons in this case is thus remotely attributable to lucifer-matches.

But—and this is the real moral of the calamity—are there not other theatres in London in which much greater dangers exist than at the Victoria—and this in spite of Building Acts, surveyors, commissioners, magistrates, and police? Or, after all, must we have an Edile, whose business it shall be to represent the interests of public safety in the construction of new buildings? Exeter Hall is notoriously ill provided with means of exit; and within the last week a new theatre, the Adelphi, has been opened with, as far as we can see, no improvement on its old entrance—the width of a single house in the Strand. Indeed, this seems to be the mode of building theatres, judging from the Adelphi, the Shoreditch, and the Strand Theatres. Street frontage is too valuable to acquire, and large theatres are built over the yards of contiguous houses, or rows of houses, with only the sacrifice of a single house facing the street. It is possible that the new Adelphi Theatre may be provided with ample means of exit rearwards, or in some of the dingy courts adjacent. But, with the Victoria tragedy before us, we cannot but look with horror on its narrow entrance if such a calamity as that which has in succession destroyed every theatre in London—or even an idle alarm of fire—should hurry an audience of three or four thousand persons into that miserable little entrance of some thirty feet in the Strand, which is the only visible means of emptying this very handsome and otherwise commodious edifice.

REVIEWS.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JANET, whose excellent work on *La Famille* was reviewed in these columns about two years ago, has published two volumes which will secure him a high place among the writers and thinkers of his country and his time. As is so often the case with standard works in France, this History of Moral and Political Philosophy, from Socrates to Kant,* owes its origin to the initiative of the *Institut*. In the year 1848, the *Académie*

des Sciences Morales et Politiques proposed as a subject for a prize a comparison between the moral and political philosophy of ancient and modern times. The *Mémoire* which was honoured with the suffrages of the Academy is now given to the world, but not before it had been recast, and subjected to divers very important modifications, the nature and extent of which are stated in the preface. M. Janet is not a mere expositor, however able, of the tenets of others. In the course of his inquiries he has been led to form opinions of his own on the relations between ethics and politics, which are set forth with great vigour and precision in a short but remarkable introduction. He classes all the doctrines which have been promulgated with reference to those relations into two main divisions, which he designates as Machiavelism and Platonism—understanding by the one every system which sacrifices morality to political expediency, and by the other the subordination of politics to ethics. He endeavours to show that the bond which unites the two is the idea of Right. "L'objet de la politique n'est pas de contraindre à la vertu, mais de protéger le droit. Sans doute l'Etat repose sur la vertu, comme nous l'avons dit, mais la vertu n'est pas son objet. C'est aux citoyens à être vertueux, c'est à l'Etat à être juste. Pour que la justice existe dans l'Etat, il faut que l'individu jouisse de toutes les libertés auxquelles il a droit; c'est là le devoir de l'Etat; mais pour que l'usage de ces libertés ne soit pas nuisible, il faut que l'individu sache en user pour les autres et pour l'Etat; c'est là le devoir strict du citoyen. On voit comment le droit et la vertu s'unissent pour produire l'ordre et la paix, comment la politique et la morale se distinguent sans se combattre, et s'unissent sans se mêler." Having thus introduced his readers to the general conditions under which he approaches the consideration of his subject, M. Janet proceeds to analyse, in historical order, the various systems which have prevailed from ancient till modern times. The life, and above all the death, of Socrates, manifested the moral superiority of right over might, and led men to ask themselves how the two could be made to dwell together in harmony. Such was Plato's aim. Justice was the pivot round which his teaching turned—it was the goal both of the individual and of the State. But, however admirable was the picture he drew of the just man, he erred in his conception of the just State. The supremacy he accorded to the latter over the property, family, and conscience of its members, could but end in the very tyranny it was designed to cure. It is as little the business of the State to drill men into being virtuous as to drive them into being slaves. "Il a cru qu'il suffisait de changer un Etat injuste dans un Etat juste, pour qu'il eût droit à tout, sans penser qu'un Etat juste est celui qui ne peut pas tout et qui accorde à chacun ce qui lui est dû." Less speculative than Plato, Aristotle gained a better insight into the true conditions under which justice could be predicated of the Individual and the State. Two truths in particular were placed by him on an immovable basis:—first, that civil society was the natural condition of man; secondly, that political liberty was of the essence of a State. But he could not detach himself from the influence of the atmosphere in which he lived. The exercise of political liberty needed leisure—it was for slavery to give it. "Une société libre nourrie par une société esclave"—such was the solution which Aristotle gave of the social and political problems of his day. If asked whether it was just to class mankind under the two heads of *leisure* and *labour*, he would have descended, but with somewhat faltering accents, on natural inequality of race. Plato had made the City supreme, Aristotle erected slavery into a law. From this the Stoic recoils. His language is—"Homo sum; my moral dignity as a man revolts against this abject tutelage under which you would place me; *nihil humani a me alienum puto*; down with this partition-wall between the slave and the free; the city of Jupiter is dearer to me than the city of Cæsar: our common humanity tells me that all men are brethren." From the days of Aristotle to those of Marcus Aurelius social philosophy had made a vast stride. The man had outstepped the citizen. Then was heard abroad in all lands the doctrine of the Cross. Men were told of a universal city—a city which hath foundations—a "Civitas Dei;" for to the ancient philosophers, who had all of them in one guise or another had their city, their republic, Saint Augustine couched his reply in the words of the Apostle—"Our citizenship is in heaven." But this Invisible City is visible and militant here on earth. The seeds of a conflict are laid—a conflict between the Church and the State. In the vicissitudes of this conflict lies the political history of the Middle Ages. Saint Bernard and Gregory the Seventh, Thomas A'Beckett and Aquinas, Dante and Occam, figure among the combatants. We must refer the reader to M. Janet to learn the incidents of the fray—history is there to tell the result. The victory remained with the temporal power; and it was left for Machiavel to show how the triumph could be abused. "La chute du système qui subordonnait et asservissait la politique à la religion, fut en quelque sorte le signal d'un système nouveau, qui l'affranchissait de toute religion et de toute morale. . . . Au moyen âge, la religion ne se séparait pas de la morale; et c'était au nom de la morale que l'autorité religieuse réclamait la suprématie politique. Vaincue dans cette lutte, elle dut, dans le premier moment, entraîner la morale avec elle." Such are the reflections with which M. Janet ushers in his very remarkable chapter on Machiavel. We have now got to the close of the first volume, and it is at this completion of the secularization of politics, of which Machiavel was the symbol and

* *Histoire de la Philosophie Morale et Politique dans l'Antiquité et les Temps Modernes*. Par Paul Janet, Professeur de Logique au Lycée Louis-le-Grand. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut. 2 vols. Paris: Ladrance. London: Williams and Norgate, 1858.

the instrument, that our limits compel us to conclude this brief notice of the admirable work before us. The second volume conducts us from the Reformation in the sixteenth century to Hobbes and Spinoza, Bossuet and Locke in the seventeenth—to Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Kant, in the eighteenth. In the present condition of France there are probably few subjects on which a man of M. Janet's opinions was more liable to be betrayed into violent language and exaggerated views. He has, however, kept in mind the dignity of his theme, and has refrained from marring the wholesome influences of his solid erudition, elegant style, and noble sentiments, by substituting the vehemence of a partisan for the equanimity of a judge.

Writing as we are on the verge of the *Jour de l'An*, it behoves us to say something of the publications by which Paris editors endeavour to allure the purchaser of *Etreennes*. Among these we shall certainly not place *Louis XVI. et sa cour*, which the *Times* the other day announced as a "new and interesting work" from the pen of Amédée Renée. It is, in fact, little more than a reprint of the volume which that gentleman was asked to write years ago in completion of Sismondi. With the vast majority of these *livres d'Etreennes* it would seem as if the main object were to conceal poverty of thought within by richness of binding without. No such deception, however, awaits us as we take up the *Légendes Rustiques**—a work to which George Sand has contributed her pen, and her son Maurice Sand his pencil. Nothing, of course, that George Sand puts her name to can be otherwise than worth reading; but it may not be superfluous to add that her son's drawings are equally worthy of attention. These legends are nothing more than the "tales of the marvellous" current among the peasantry of France in general, and in particular of Le Berri, where George Sand resides. Stones as old as the Druids are looked upon as supernatural agents; and a chorus of frogs in a marsh begets the legend of the "Night-washers," or women guilty of adultery, who expiate their sins by passing the remainder of their nights in suds. Such are the general features of these *Légendes Rustiques*, and we think that the superstitious awe which gave them birth and preserves them from decay has been conveyed by the young artist with a delicacy and poetry which render these illustrations unique of their kind. We are of those who think that a true philosophical value attaches to these popular traditions, especially when they are found to exist, with analogies more or less remote, among different races and nations. George Sand's remarks are always couched in this spirit, and are often very suggestive. In one passage she asks the learned if they do not think that before the appearance of *Le Livre*—as Rabelais' immortal work was styled by his contemporaries—there existed in the provinces of France some popular type which Rabelais pressed into his service, just as Goethe took Faust, and Molière the Commander's Statue? Her reason for suggesting the inquiry is that in Le Berri she repeatedly comes across the name of Gargantua, and meets with traditions which assuredly have nothing in common with Rabelais, but have still a kind of family likeness to the *faits et gestes* recorded of Rabelais' hero.

Another publication which we doubt not, will be generally welcomed consists of forty new drawings by Gavarni.† They are divided into four decades, and to each decade are appended sixteen folio pages of *texte* by MM. Jules Janin, Paul de Saint-Victor, Edmond Texier, and Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. They might have dispensed with this commentary. As one of them observes, an explanatory *texte* to one of Gavarni's productions is about as valuable as a lump of lead hung to the tail of a kite. It would be impossible to give any idea of the subjects of these drawings. They are as varied as the human nature—Parisian human nature—to which they are so true. We believe Gavarni to be, together with Balzac, among the greatest painters of French life in the nineteenth century. Many, in fact, of the types of that life are only saved from oblivion by the magic art of his pencil. The *Etudiant*, the *Grisette*, and the *Carnaval* are now things of the past; yet we need but open Gavarni to see them live and move before our eyes. These *Etudes d'après Nature* fully sustain a reputation which it would be difficult to increase.

One more work will complete what we have to say of *Etreennes* proper. We allude to M. Enault's *Voyage Pittoresque* in England, Scotland, and Ireland;—Scotland occupying about three times the space of either England or Ireland. We learn from these pages that Canterbury is the residence of the Primate, and that Wilkie is numbered among contemporary artists. M. Enault brought with him to England fewer prejudices than most of his countrymen. We say emphatically "to England," and we might add to Scotland; but, as regards Ireland, no sooner does he set foot on it than he becomes as one possessed, and we are treated to the old song over again with reference to the grinding tyranny under which Ireland labours. M. Enault visited the Hebrides, and the account of his adventures in that quarter is, we think, one of the most interesting portions of the book. The engravings are very good.

We now resume our usual notice of current publications. M. Arnould, Professor of Foreign Literature at the Faculté des

Lettres de Paris, has collected together into a single volume three essays,* of which two at least were considered sufficiently remarkable to be *couronnés* by the Académie Française. The first of these is entitled *De l'Invention Originale*. In Part I., the author endeavours to determine, first, the essential, and secondly, the variable, elements which belong to the "original inventions" of a literature. The term seems oddly chosen, but M. Arnould thought fit to eschew the more obvious word "creations," as predicable of God alone. He then points out why "original invention" may be considered inexhaustible, not in any particular nation, but in the human race generally. These three chapters are very thoughtfully written, and well deserve the praise awarded to them by M. Villemain as Secretary of the Academy. Part II. enters on a wider, if not on a deeper, inquiry. What modifications does "original invention" undergo from the religion, political institutions, history, progress of science, and civilization generally of a given people? This inquiry is divided into three heads—I. Antiquity; II. The Middle Ages; III. Modern Times; and in masterly outlines the author sketches the spirit of literary history through a period of more than two thousand years. The literature of Greece and, at the Renaissance, of Italy and Spain, gives occasion to some very shrewd and original remarks. The second treatise in this volume is a *Theory of Style*. One of the most striking features in it is the comparison instituted by the author between style and music:—"Il me paraît y avoir dans la musique un ton naturel, un ton majeur, et un ton mineur." M. Arnould deduces from this analogy some very ingenious reflections on the characteristics and beauties of style. At page 167, the reader will find an account of a very curious experiment which a mere accident led M. Arnould to make on the influence of light on sound. To show the connexion of this experiment (from which the author draws a confirmation of Lamennais' notion, that sight and hearing are two different organs of the same faculty) with the author's "theory of style" would lead us too far. The same cause prevents us from doing more than mention the subject of the third essay in this volume—namely, the Influence of Italian on French Literature. We content ourselves with endorsing the favourable judgment it met with at the hands of the Academy.

"La voie funeste dans laquelle a été entraînée la Révolution de 1789, a rapidement conduit à la désorganisation complète de l'armée, et cependant la France a pu résister aux efforts de l'Europe coalisée." Such is the apparent paradox of which an old artillery officer, le Baron Poisson, has endeavoured to furnish a solution in the history of the dissolution of the army and of the creation of the Garde Nationale in the years 1789—1792.† It is possible that some of our readers may find in this investigation an interest which it does not possess for us. If so, they cannot do better than commit themselves to the guidance of our author, who seems to have given his whole heart and soul to the subject.

M. Laboulaye has conferred a boon upon the public, whether subscribers to the *Débats* or not, by collecting together the very remarkable articles which have emanated of late years from his pen in the columns of that journal.‡ He classes them all under the general head of Religious Liberty—that being the principle by which he was actuated in their composition, and the common bond by which they are linked together in unity. The volume opens with an essay on Liberty of Conscience, *à propos* of M. Jules Simon's work, with which our readers are doubtless familiar. This is succeeded by the two most remarkable essays in the whole volume—essays which created a great sensation at the time of their first publication. We allude to the calm and sober judgment pronounced on the feud between Stahl and Bunsen about religious liberty in Germany, and to the learned history of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which at the time drew forth a reply from the Jesuit Le Père Gagarin in the *Univers*. M. Laboulaye retorted, and has much the best of the argument. Of the remaining essays the most interesting are those on Channing, Renan, and Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*.

In his recent work on *La Comtesse Du Barry*,§ M. Capéfigue repudiates any intention to *réhabiliter* the mistresses of Louis Quinze. It may be so. Of what his intentions were M. Capéfigue is the sole judge—we, as critics, are only concerned with the result. And we have no hesitation in affirming that it is impossible for any one to surrender his judgment to the views set forth on Madame Du Barry in the volume before us without rising from its perusal with a feeling of very considerable sympathy for the abandoned creature whom history has universally consigned to deserved contempt, not to say execration. This is the sort of idea which we attach to the process of *réhabilitation*. M. Capéfigue, it would seem, puts a different construction on the word. The process itself is simple enough. Whenever you come across a damning fact or a filthy story—and of such the history of Louis Quinze and Du Barry is sufficiently full—all you have to do is to pooh-pooh them as "infamous libels."

We cannot close our monthly notice of French Literature

* *Essais de Théorie et d'Histoire Littéraire*. Par Edmond Arnould. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

† *L'Armée et la Garde Nationale*. Par le Baron C. Poisson. 1789—1792. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

‡ *La Liberté Religieuse*. Par Edouard Laboulaye, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Charpentier. London: Jeffs. 1858.

§ *Madame la Comtesse Du Barry*. Par M. Capéfigue. Paris: Amyot. London: Jeffs. 1858.

* *Légendes Rustiques*. Dessins de Maurice Sand. Texte de George Sand. Paris: Morel. London: Jeffs. 1858.

† *D'après Nature*. Par Gavarni. Paris: Morizot. London: Jeffs. 1858.

‡ *Louis Enault: Angleterre, Ecosse, Irlande*. Paris: Morizot. London: Jeffs. 1858.

without paying a passing tribute to the memory of one who, if he had lived to fulfil but a tithe of the promise of his prime, would assuredly have become one of its brightest ornaments. We allude to M. Rigault, one of the ablest of that accomplished staff who compose the redaction of the *Journal des Débats*. His name has more than once been mentioned in this journal, more especially as the author of a work on the *Quarrel between the Ancients and the Moderns*, which will henceforth be the great authority to which all writers on that subject must needs have recourse. As a writer in the *Débats*, however, his fame and popularity were greater than as the author of the bulky octavo volume to which we refer. Nor is this surprising; for—to go no further back than the past year—no one who remembers the exquisite “*Revue de Quinzaine*,” which appeared once a fortnight in the *feuilletons* of that journal, can hesitate to endorse the language of one of the orators who spoke so feelingly over Rigault’s grave—“*Il était aimé de tous ceux qui le liaient*.” Our contemporaries of the daily press have already made the reader acquainted with the sad particulars which attended his melancholy death. The large concourse of the worthies of France who followed M. Rigault to his grave at Evreux, on Christmas-eve, was a proof of the high esteem in which he was universally held. We have reason to believe that, at the moment when his career was thus suddenly closed, he was engaged in writing a *Life of Voltaire*. This desideratum in French literature, which Saint-Priest had also contemplated supplying, would we doubt not, have been admirably executed by the deceased. Would that there were no more serious cause for mourning his loss than the unfinished manuscript of a work, however able! But when we think of the young wife and the two infant children who are left behind, we feel how insignificant is the loss which the public and posterity have sustained by M. Rigault’s death, compared with those domestic griefs which arrest our pen, just in proportion as their poignancy excites our warmest sympathy. Journalists of every party and of every nation cannot but mourn sincerely the death of one whose unimpeachable character and high talents were an honour to the calling.

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.*

THIS is a book which it is impossible to read without a strange mixture of interest and mortification. It is the work of a zealous Roman Catholic, who considers that he is in possession of an argument of irresistible weight in favour of his own Church as against Protestantism. This argument is based upon a contrast between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant missionaries in China, which is certainly, according to Mr. Marshall, pointed enough. The Roman Catholics, he says, have about 800,000 converts in various parts of the country. Every year a large number of priests traverse it in all directions, braving every kind of danger and difficulty, and frequently undergoing martyrdom in the most cruel shapes. Nor are their converts less enthusiastic. Notwithstanding numerous cruel persecutions which have been inflicted upon them by a succession of Emperors during the last two centuries, their numbers have increased, and are still increasing. They, as well as the priests, have repeatedly attested their sincerity by the constancy with which they have endured torture and death, and by the willingness with which they have given up all their worldly prospects for the sake of their religion. Some of the stories he tells are horrible in the extreme. In Corea and Cochin China the missionaries are martyred, he tells us, as fast as they come out, yet others are always ready to take their places. The horror of these martyrdoms is specially attested by one case, in which a missionary, after having the flesh burnt off his thighs with a hot iron, was confined all night in an iron cage three feet wide, two feet high, and three feet long, and next morning was slowly tortured to death by having six red-hot iron rods, eighteen inches long, plunged into different parts of his body more than once, and left to cool there—after which, his flesh, or what was left of it, was hacked from his bones with swords.

This is the Roman Catholic side of the picture. The Protestants are described in very different colours. They, Mr. Marshall tells us, have never made more than a very few hundred converts of very doubtful character. None of them have ventured to leave the sea-port towns, where they are under European protection. They have incurred no danger—they have undergone no persecution. On the contrary, they live in the greatest possible comfort, often occupying themselves in mercantile pursuits, drawing large salaries, and above all (which is a subject of never-failing taunts), enjoying all the pleasures arising from the society of wives and children. Such is the contrast; and the argument founded on it is, that the Roman Catholics are the true Christians, and the Protestants miserable heretics, whose creed is not only false in itself, but is shown to be so by their own lukewarm and cowardly conduct in respect of it.

Mr. Marshall writes with great vehemence, not to say violence; and he obviously labours under those sore and bitter feelings towards England and English institutions of all kinds which characterize almost all English Romanists. Besides this, his admiration for the missionaries of his church is so ardent that we feel that a less enthusiastic person would be a better witness

as to matters of fact. He tells us, for example, that choirs of angels were heard singing over certain missionaries as they celebrated mass in secret—that one of the missionaries raised a dead man to life—and that many other miracles were performed which, in the present state of feeling (says the writer whom he quotes), would not be believed in France. These things rather shake our confidence in the less superhuman parts of the book; and as to the martyrdoms, it is a relief to observe that the great suspicion thrown over the stories of torture and mutilation inflicted during the Indian revolt has taught us how very easy it is to make up such tales—how strangely the natural appetite for all that is horrible induces people to invent or to exaggerate them—and how necessary it is to suspend our belief upon them till they have been submitted to the most searching and impartial investigation. M. Huc’s account of his own proceedings, and of those of his fellow missionaries, is neither so romantic, so enthusiastic, nor half so wonderful as Mr. Marshall’s.

Besides these considerations, which considerably modify our confidence in Mr. Marshall’s report, there are other matters to be taken into account in respect to China which somewhat diminish the weight of his argument. The Roman Catholics in China were not originally converted in the face of persecution. Ricci, Schall, and Verbiest, the founders of the existing congregations, not only enjoyed the confidence of several successive Emperors, but, by the help of their mathematical and other accomplishments, became almost the most influential men in the country. They were thus enabled, with little risk or difficulty, and at one time under circumstances of the fullest possible publicity, to make a large number of converts. The nature of the Roman Catholic system is such that the connexion between the priests and their converts can be much more easily maintained in spite of persecution than a similar connexion between Protestants and their converts. A man disguised as a Chinese, and acquainted with the language, may traverse the country and administer the sacraments of the Church to the Christians, certainly not without difficulty and danger, but, at any rate, with a considerable prospect of avoiding detection. With Protestants the case is very different. Preaching and public worship are essential to their operations, and it is not matter of risk merely, but of simple impossibility, to carry on such proceedings in the face of an active and powerful Government, resolved to prevent them at all hazards.

Though Mr. Marshall overlooks these and some other considerations of a similar kind, we do not at all mean to deny that the risks run and the persecutions endured in China by Roman Catholic missionaries are altogether different from anything which has been encountered in that country by Protestants; nor do we assert that the contrast is not in some respects very mortifying. It seems to us, however, that though Mr. Marshall abundantly proves the heroism of the missionaries whom he praises, and though he certainly succeeds in producing illustrations of the unhappily notorious fact that Protestant missionaries frequently write, for circulation at home, letters and reports full of unmanly and indecent twaddle—a fault, by the way, in which they are kept in countenance by the oleaginous matter with which the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman invariably smear their manifestoes—he fails entirely to support the conclusion that the Roman Catholics alone are true Christians, and the Protestants mere heretics.

In the first place, theological truth is a question not of sentiment, but of fact. What Mr. Marshall really does prove is that very good, devoted, and courageous men may be Roman Catholics; but that does not prove the infallibility of the Pope. There are good men in all religious denominations. In most Christian bodies there have unhappily been both persecutors and martyrs. The ministers of the Vaudois and of the Cevennes ran risks not inferior to those which were incurred by M. Huc; and Latimer and Ridley were as little afraid of the fire as any martyr in Cochin China. That the Chinese missionaries are our fellow-Christians, that they did honour to the name, and that they held, under whatever forms, the essential facts of Christianity, will be readily admitted by all Protestants; but it does not follow that the faith which sustained them in their fiery trials was not the same faith which sustains many good men and women in very grievous trials in our own country. If Mr. Marshall wants to confute Protestants, he must prove, not that the Christian faith will sustain a man under persecution, but that Stephen was stoned, Paul beheaded, and Peter crucified for holding something which Roman Catholics believe and which Protestants reject. Till he has proved that, he will always be open to the retort that Protestant martyrs—and they have not been few, nor have their persecutions been slight—are entitled to honour analogous to that which he reserves for Roman Catholics.

In the second place, we must observe that if a contrast is to be attempted between the effects of the Protestant and Roman Catholic creeds, it ought to be more comprehensive than the one which Mr. Marshall draws. We freely admit that, if ascetic self-devotion is the principal test by which their value is to be estimated, the preference must be given to the latter. No doubt, the sort of piety which Mr. Marshall so much values is commoner in his church than in ours. Indeed, the whole organization of the Roman Catholic clergy is framed with a view to it. Ecclesiastical despotism and the celibacy of the clergy are on the whole great evils, but there are dispositions, in some respects

* *Christianity in China. A Fragment.* By T. W. Marshall, Esq. London: Longmans. 1859.

entitled to be called virtues, which they undoubtedly favour. If a man is trained from infancy to unreasoning obedience and to the most rigorous asceticism, he will no doubt in some situations act like a saint and hero. But though we would not say a word in depreciation of courage and piety, wherever or by whomsoever they may be displayed, we do say that the characters which Mr. Marshall so much admires have a weak side, and that their strong side is in the nature of an exotic. In the midst of danger and persecution they are in the atmosphere which brings out their virtues, but they are not so admirable elsewhere. It is a dreadful truth that the same seminaries which sent martyrs and confessors to the East sent rebels and murderers to France and England, and cruel persecutors to Belgium and Spain. Just as the soldier who is a hero in the breach is a devil incarnate in the town when it is taken, the priest who will lay down his life to save souls in one place will be the vilest instrument of persecution, the surest prop of tyranny, the most unscrupulous perverter and suppresser of truth, in another. Nothing shall induce us to say a harsh word of those who gave up for the sake of their Saviour all that men hold dear, and even life itself; but it would be treason to a cause as sacred as that for which they suffered, to conceal the fact that the very same system and the very same institutions by which they were trained, have upheld, and do now uphold, some of the most corrupt, wicked, and abominable tyrannies and superstitions on the face of the earth.

Apart, however, from the characteristics of those whom Mr. Marshall so highly admires, something is to be said on behalf of those whom he taunts so bitterly and so triumphantly. We are far from accepting his account of Protestant missions as a fair one. He is a furious partisan, and writes with an eager bitterness and hatred which greatly discredit all that he says. That Protestant missionaries have often been men of devoted courage is sufficiently shown by the careers of Judson, of Allan Gardiner, of Livingstone, and of many others who have passed their lives in evangelizing Polynesia and South Africa. But there is a broader answer to Mr. Marshall than a denial of his facts. If they were true, they would not prove his case, for there are other matters which show the value of creeds, besides the amount of asceticism which they produce. The Roman Catholic view of the world, as it presents itself at least to the imagination, cuts life into two halves. To care for the common employments and avocations of life is to serve Mammon—to embark in dangerous and exciting enterprises, like the conversion of China, is to serve God. This, happily, is not, and never has been, the Protestant theory. To those who in this country are in the habit of looking upon life from a religious point of view, common interests and occupations are, when rightly used, sacred and holy. If an English youth is inclined to dwell deeply and frequently on the eternal principles which ought to regulate his life, it by no means follows that such feelings will make him a missionary, or even a clergyman. He is just as likely as not to carry them into his common pursuits, whatever they may be. The real contrast between Protestants and Papists is to be traced not in exceptional, but in ordinary cases. Where do you find the best citizens, the best husbands, fathers, and sons? Where are honesty and plain dealing held most in honour? Where is there the highest moral standard in public and private affairs? Where is there the greatest amount of order, of mutual confidence, of liberty, and of forbearance and generosity, which are the essence of liberty? Where is truth, whether intellectual or moral, most earnestly sought for? These are questions which appear to us to be of vital importance in any contrast between the effects of the two creeds.

We do not, however, wish to deny that much may be learnt which it is most important to lay to heart, from Mr. Marshall's taunts. It is quite true that Protestantism influences more powerful minds, and inculcates, as it appears to us, a higher view of everyday life than its rival; but it is no less true that the peculiar temptation of Protestants is to be, in appearance at least, and probably in some essential points, coarse and worldly. If missionaries made more sacrifices, ran more risks, incurred more hardship, and wrote less unctuous letters to England, their moral influence and their position generally would be much improved.

CERVANTES.*

PROBABLY no work by a foreigner has been so completely naturalized in England as *Don Quixote*. An inexhaustible wit and a seemingly transparent meaning have redeemed the blemish of an antiquarian conception. For few readers seriously doubt that Cervantes simply meant to attack the chivalrous romances of his time. It is certain that that description of literature had become a common nuisance in the sixteenth century. Calvin found it necessary to proscribe Amadis de Gaul with as much rigour as "slashed breeches" in the godly city of Geneva. Nowhere, too, was the evil more pestilent than in Spain. Ignatius Loyola himself read chiefly of paladins and liege ladies, on the sick-bed from which he was to rise up a knight-errant against the new powers of the time. The subtle, sensuous nation, which was permitted to observe and feel, but not to think, ran riot in plays and picturesque novels, while the trumpet notes of

Luther and Calvin were sounding on the other side of the Pyrenees. Cervantes, therefore, did but signalize the undoubted victory of the novel of manners, which began with *Lazarillo de Tormes*, over the old cycle of modernized legend and *fabliaux*. Probably the triumph was not difficult, but without doubt it was complete. From the time of the appearance of the first part of *Don Quixote*, not a single book of chivalry was written in the Peninsula; and few and far between were the new editions that appeared of the old favourites. The very ghost of the old delusion was laid, and the soul of sentimental fancy transmigrated into pastoral romance.

Nevertheless, it is not unnatural to suppose that the work of a great artist has a hidden meaning. Many, accordingly, have found in *Don Quixote* the studied contrast of heroism and vulgarity. He himself is the idealist whom disasters and ridicule punish for his faith in the invisible world. Sancho Panza is the man of the crowd—common-place and common-sense united—dragged by his own credulous desires into his master's fortunes, but not sharing the aureola; and the world, like the Fates of the old drama, is for ever in the background to punish and reward. All this is no doubt true in a sense. There is a moral in a rose; but surely leaves and thorns never clustered about the green stem to point a conceit or a warning. The cheerful straightforward nature of Cervantes did not dream of metaphysical abstractions—of real and ideal antitheses. A swordsman by preference, he wrote through the dire compulsion of necessity, and at an age—for he was certainly past fifty—when all men except the professional philosopher look back with contemptuous regret on the logical day-dreams of youth. *Si la jeunesse savait, si la vieillesse pouvait*—it is always the same story in thought no less than in love. Hence another charge has been brought against him. A keen lover of the old knightly times, Mr. Kenelm Digby, has declared *Don Quixote* to be one of the most immoral books ever written. It is the picture of selfish cunning derisively sitting in judgment upon enthusiasm. The kindly, honourable gentleman, who is seeking to right a crooked world, and to live for an idea, is made the butt of lackeys and galley-slaves. Granting that such a sequel is probable, is it well to represent it as natural and right? Is it nobler to side with Cato or with the gods?

Perhaps, after all, the author will be best understood if we study him in his own life, and as not the smallest part of his country and his century. Miguel de Cervantes was born in 1547, at the time of the culmination of Spanish power. Purely military and religious by civilization, while the rest of the world was already commercial and literary, Spain clung to mediæval visions of the one Empire which she was to wield, and the one Church which she was to animate. As Cervantes himself says in the *Numancia*, his countrymen had "bridled the Roman, had opened the gates of the Vatican, and forced the great pilot of the holy ship to fly." Rome was now submissive, and the undivided forces of the Spanish monarchy were about to be concentrated in final efforts against the infidel and the heretic. The first of these crusades summoned Cervantes, still a civilian, to arms, and in 1571 he took part in the great battle of Lepanto. Forty years later, a maimed and beggared veteran, he declared that he would not exchange his glorious memories for health. The next epoch in his life was captivity in Algiers. The chivalrous interchange of courtesy which Spanish songs record between Christian and Moor had disappeared with the Inquisition and the Turks. In five years of a cruel captivity Cervantes attempted five several times to escape or excite insurrection. Only respect for his courage saved him from torture or the scourge; and he left Algiers, on his release, with a burning hatred against the enemies of his faith. The next twenty years were crowded with the destruction of the Armada, the burning of Seville by the English fleet, and an ineffectual war against Dutch liberty. Spain had lost none of her pretensions, but her wars were carried on by mercenaries, and a new world was rising above the ruins of the feudal sovereignties. Cervantes himself was no longer the knight who had fought at Lepanto, or won ladies' hearts in Portugal, but the needy tenant of a garret, partly supported by his sister's work, and constantly in prison. Tradition says that a gaol in La Mancha gave him the leisure in which he composed the first part of *Don Quixote*. It did not appear till 1605. Eleven years later, only a few days after Shakspeare, he died, with cheerful words to his friends, and in the habit of a Franciscan. It was the typical death of a devout and easy-natured gentleman.

Apart from all question of an esoteric meaning, there can be no doubt that Cervantes was powerfully influenced by the circumstances of his life and times. He would have been more than man if he had remained impassive in the great struggle of ideas. Had he been essentially a poet, his natural course would have been, like Calderon, to erect new altars to the old faith in such dramas as the *Devotion of the Cross*; or, perhaps, like Tasso, to reconstruct the heroic legends of the Middle Ages. But Cervantes was not pre-eminently devotional. He was rather of the world worldly—ready to guard the portals of the Church with his sword, but not disposed to enter in. Now, both in this particular, and in his literary tastes, he had distinct affinities with the party of movement. For the great fact of the Reformation was simply a separation between secular and religious society; so that the Church, which used to underlie all action and all thought, was rapidly to become nothing more than a single institution in a highly complex society. This, indeed, is the great date since

* Obras de Miguel de Cervantes. London: D. Nutt.

which the real and the ideal—the life of the citizen and the life of the saint—have seemed to diverge forward into infinite paths of difference. Such a change brought with it a complete revolution in works of art. The great epic of Dante is an expression of the absolute certainty which is based upon absolute unity. Sun, moon, and stars, are not more fixed in their orbits than Church and Empire in the world. The circles of suffering are manifold, but they all wind around one mountain whose summit is in heaven. It was impossible that a man of really great powers should feel this certainty after Luther had proclaimed revolt. The requirements of religion were increased, and problems of thought had been started which religion could not answer. Henceforth, therefore, the highest European art was ironical. Rabelais preached up the alliance of power and the literary world against superstition, and ignorance, and the courts of law; he is the first prophet of progress; and progress in itself implies that the ideal is unattainable. The next step was to show that it was unattainable. Hamlet doubting and delaying to act, because he cannot answer his own enigmas—Alceste trying to work out truth in society, and baffled and beaten down—Faust seeking for happiness in love and in the pursuit of ideas, destroying “his beautiful world,” and driven back into commonplace—all these are the true epic works of art in which the uncertain energetic life of the last three centuries has found expression for its perplexities. Cervantes belongs to the early stages of the inquiry. For him the great problems were those of national politics and of his own life. Given a nation possessed of the true faith, working out resolutely the grand idea of religious unity and empire, why is it distanced and overthrown by heretical Dutch tradesmen and English burghers? Why is the old society of gentlemen dying out throughout the world? Why am I, Cervantes, who fought at Lepanto, and have something greater than Lepanto within my breast, to starve in a garret because I am neither a lackey nor a pander? These bitter thoughts were sometimes expressed without reserve. One of the minor novels, the *Licentiate of Glass*, is the story of a scholar and gentleman like himself, who never succeeds in life till he goes mad, and attracts the notice of the great by his disorderly wit—who is cured, and compelled to leave the Court, that “the life which he had begun to immortalize by learning” may not be cut short by hunger. Such terrible jesting as this was not, however, the common mood of Cervantes. Rather he seems to look back on his life with a kind of playful cynicism. It has had all the colouring of romance. Without money and without connexions, only strong in youth, genius, and a good cause, he has tried to conquer the world, and the world has baffled him—he has tilted against windmills, and has been thrown bruised and bleeding to the ground. There has been an enchantment throughout his life which has made him trust the honour of the base, give his company to those who only jested at him, and seek the redress of evils which the world is in arms to defend. Only in all this the delusion has been that of a noble mind. The spiritual vision was thronged with phantoms of good, and could not distinguish the palpable embodiments of evil. Constantly, too, the power of ideas has asserted itself. King and people knew, while Cervantes lived, that a greater than themselves was starving in their streets; and, except for the support of common opinion, there is scarcely one of Don Quixote's antagonists who might not, under a little influence, be induced to follow him as credulously, though not as loyally, as his squire. The crazy knight is, after all, because he thinks and because he suffers, the one heroic character of his world. The better-natured among his fellows accept him as such. They deplore the strange infatuation which sees ideal womanhood in a village girl, and expects gratitude and reformation from galley-slaves; but they can understand and appreciate the collateral results of the love of ideal good. Honour, courtesy, and kindness, endear the mad gentleman to them above his admirably sane and shrewd contemporaries. It is partly in this that the answer to Mr. Kenelm Digby consists. The story of Don Quixote is in no proper sense immoral. It is severely truthful in representing reproach and misery as the common fate of those who strive for the truth; and if the man be of true temper, he will not waste a regret on the discipline that has made him a better gentleman. All Cervantes' sufferings began with his service at Lepanto, and he always looked back proudly to his part on that great day. Don Quixote, dying, may confess the delusion “that there were and that there are knight-errants in the world;” but there is a part of man which is wiser than the brain. Cervantes to the last moment of his life struggled resolutely against all baseness and time-serving. The only country to him was that of the Cid and the Great Captain—the only faith was that of Dominic and Loyola. Time and the world were crushing Spain, and Cervantes was still a Spaniard.

The intensity of his national feelings has been too often overlooked, because his great work is European by the universality of its conception. Sancho's proverbs, and the characteristic local colouring scarcely affect the pleasure with which Englishmen read it; whilst only students can understand Calderon, or the minor works of Cervantes himself. Strangely enough, the same man who has painted a true gentleman in his great satiric epic appears in his novels and dramas infected with the Castilian spirit of punctilious casuistry. The doctrine that “a bushel of private shame is better than an ounce of public dishonour” is a sentiment broadly stated in the *Force of Blood*. In *La Entremetida*, one of the leading *dramatis personæ* rejects an innocent

lady because she has been falsely accused. “A woman of documents, of public audiences, of proofs and witnesses, is not for me.” All this morbid feeling is the very essence of the Spanish drama in its palmy days; but it might have been hoped that Cervantes would rise above it. Is it that a great artist is only his better and true self in his characteristic masterpiece?

DR. MAITLAND'S NOTES ON STRYPE.*

PERHAPS there is no considerable portion of Church history which has received such ample illustration from the labours of one writer as that which the industry of Strype has provided for the English Reformation and the reign of Elizabeth. With a dogged perseverance worthy of his Dutch or German extraction, the good man toiled at his subject—rummaging libraries and collections of manuscripts, transcribing, digesting, chronicling in his homely and simple fashion, and printing—until, at the age of ninety-three, he sent forth the last folio of his *Annals*, with the explanation that he was too old to write his own share of the volume, but wished the world to benefit by the documents which he had collected for it. The honesty with which the work is done is no less remarkable than the author's diligence. Thoroughly believing in the Reformation as by law established, he cares nothing for the inferences which others may draw from the materials which he candidly sets before them. If he relates, without any appearance of disapproval, some questionable proceeding of a reforming Bishop, or some unjustifiable act of the reforming Government, he gives his readers ample means of forming their own judgment on the matter. He reports the Romanist and the Puritan as fully and as fairly as the adherent of the national Protestantism. If later researches have brought new facts and documents to light, the nature of Strype's books is such as to admit of their being strung on his thread. In short, his works, even as they now exist, are a rich mine of information on the subject to which they relate; and, if well re-edited, they might be made yet more valuable.

Unhappily, Strype has received no advantage from editorial care. About ten years ago an edition was commenced by a body which was styled “The Ecclesiastical History Society;” but, before it had got beyond the *Life of Cranmer*, the ill-starred Society was broken up under circumstances which reflected no credit on the eminent persons who were paraded as its patrons, or on Lord Shaftesbury and the other gentlemen who allowed themselves to be described as a “Council” responsible for the conduct of its affairs. And the sample which the Society had given of its Strype was not such as to excite any very lively regret that the edition was to proceed no further. At present, the reader who wishes to study the Reformation in Strype has no other choice than between the original folios and a mere reprint executed at the Clarendon Press between thirty and forty years ago; and how unsatisfactory these are will appear from the pamphlet which we have named at the head of our article.

Every one who has looked into Strype with any considerable attention must probably have met with passages which it was impossible to make any sense of. We may mention, as an instance, one by which we ourselves were perplexed in the days when the vestimentary controversy was raging. A Puritan pamphleteer was quoted as saying:—

I wot not by what devilish *cup* they [the Elizabethan bishops] do make such a diversity between Christ's word and His sacraments, that they cannot think the word of God to be safely enough preached, and honourably enough handled, without cap, cope, or surplice, &c.

It was clear to us that “cannot” was a misprint for “can;” but what was the meaning of “cup?” We conjectured *quip* and *hap*, but were not satisfied with either; and the sentence continued to puzzle us until a writer who had been able to consult the original pamphlet produced the true reading—

Our enemies and persecutors are strangely bewitched, I wot not by what devilish *cup*, that they do make such a diversity, &c.

This seems to be no unfair specimen of the errors with which the pages of the worthy old memorialist abound. Thoroughly honest and well-intentioned as he was, it is impossible to rely on his accuracy in quoting documents. Sometimes, perhaps, he may have copied his extracts in a bad hand, and may have neglected to compare the proof-sheets with his manuscript; sometimes he may have relied too much on ignorant transcribers whom he employed; sometimes his quotations may have been written from dictation, with such blunders as that system is likely to produce. But, from whatever cause, his documents are continually, although unintentionally, falsified.

Dr. Maitland, while librarian and keeper of the records at Lambeth, had opportunities of consulting many of the manuscripts and rare pamphlets from which Strype derived his materials. By collating these with the Oxford reprint (which very faithfully represents the folio), he convinced himself of the necessity of a more correct edition; and he now comes forward with a pamphlet, by way of “an appeal to those who are capable of forming opinions for themselves and of influencing the opinions of others.” The revelations here made as to Strype's inaccuracy are really startling, and, of course, all the more so because they

* *Notes on Strype*. By the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D. Gloucester: 1858. (For private circulation.)

are merely samples taken almost at random out of an abundant store. For instance, in Henry VIII's epistle prefixed to the *Necessary Doctrine and Erudition*, four blunders are noted. In one place, the King is represented as saying "It is most necessary that all such abuses as heretofore have been complices concerning this matter, be clearly put away;" and it turns out that the true reading is, "such abuses as heretofore have been brought in by supporters and maintainers of the Bishop of Rome, and their complices." Again, in an extract from the *Admonition to the Parliament*—"a book," says Dr. Maitland, "of sufficient consequence to claim accurate quotation"—we have "we are not come" for "we are scarce come"—"own creatures" for "new creatures"—"contemptuously" for "contentiously"—"patroones" for "paternes"—"law of the Pope" for "life of the Pope;" and the following unintelligible passage occurs:—

But *drunken* they are, and show their own shame, to strive so eagerly to defend their doings, that they will not only acknowledge their imperfections—Instead of—

But *drunken* they are . . . that strive so eagerly . . . that they will not only not acknowledge, &c.

Again, it is said of Bradford the martyr that—

He changed not only the course of his former life, as even his former study—where we ought to read—

He changed not only the course of his former life, as *the woman did*, *Luke 7*, but even his former study, as *Paul did change his former profession and study*.

To take another instance—in the following passage, the error seems to have arisen from bad writing:—

There were in houses belonging to the University of Cambridge, two hundred students of divinity; which be now *all clean gone home*; and many young toward scholars, and old fatherly doctors, not one of them left.

The true reading is—

All clean gone, house and man; young toward scholars, &c.

We need not go further into the specimens which Dr. Maitland has produced—one of them containing no fewer than forty-five errors in five pages—for even the little which we have quoted will be enough to show that the necessity of a corrected edition is amply proved. Nor shall we repeat the valuable hints which Dr. Maitland, as a man experienced in the use of books, has given as to the means by which, in a new edition, the information contained in these voluminous compilations may be rendered more accessible to the reader. But two important questions remain—Who is to edit Strype's works? and where are they to find a publisher? As to the editorship, there can be no doubt that Dr. Maitland himself would be the fittest person to undertake it. But this is, unfortunately, out of the question. Dr. Maitland no longer presides over the archiepiscopal collections which he so well knew how to use, and which he so liberally opened to all inquirers; nor could he conveniently engage in the labour of consulting the documents which are preserved in other repositories. His pamphlet is sent forth, not for the purpose of announcing himself as editor, but in order to stimulate others, and (we believe we may add) to assure any competent and respectable editor of his very valuable assistance. We trust that in one or other of the Universities such an editor may be found; and if we may venture on naming one whose previous studies have peculiarly prepared him for the work, we should be especially glad to see it in the hands of a member of Strype's own college, the present Christian Advocate, Mr. Hardwick.

The question of a publisher is perhaps more difficult. For twenty-seven volumes of a book utterly unfit for the circulating libraries are a serious undertaking, such as it is not likely that any private firm would venture on. The Pitt Press, we fear, has not the means of attempting it; and we are almost reduced to place our only hope in the University of Oxford. Twelve years ago, when Dr. Maitland's Notes were originally drawn up, and a London publisher was seriously thinking of the enterprise, the existence of the Oxford edition was regarded as an almost insuperable hindrance to the success of another. But the weight of this objection must have since been diminished, partly (we presume) by the reduction of the unsold stock, and partly by the certainty that, since Strype's inaccuracies have been so convincingly exposed, few persons are likely to spend twelve pounds on the purchase of so unsatisfactory an article as the existing book, while there is even a remote prospect of an improved edition. We therefore venture to hope that the Delegates of the Oxford Press, who have lately shown so much spirit in the publication of Luttrell's *Diary*—and who have even found it necessary to relieve themselves from a plethora of wealth by reprinting books so common and so little needed as Smalridge's *Sermons* and Bishop Fleetwood's works—will have the heroism to sacrifice their unsold (and unsaleable) copies of the old *Strype*, and to confer a real benefit on the students of history by the publication of such an edition as it is Dr. Maitland's object to promote.

VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY AND SYSTEMATIC BOTANY.*

AN introductory notice by the editor, Dr. Lankester, explains what the title-page omits to state—that this is a new edition of a stereotyped work, which has been for some years before

* *Vegetable Physiology and Systematic Botany*. By William B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. Edited by Edwin Lankester, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S. London: Bohn.

the public. In a department of science which is in rapid progress, presenting a large number of debatable questions as to which the opinions of the most competent authorities are discordant, it is no easy matter to produce a popular work which shall give to the elementary student an accurate and correct account of the present condition of the science, without embarrassing him by an array of problems for which various doubtful solutions are proposed. The difficulty is enhanced where an original work that had fallen behind the existing state of knowledge is committed to other hands than those of the first author. A new editor, if possessed of that mastery of the subject which is essential to the right performance of his task, would be likely to produce a far more satisfactory work if he were to commence anew and mould his materials freely in accordance with his own conceptions.

Though styled *Vegetable Physiology*, this volume is simply a general introduction to Botany, in which the portion devoted to an explanation of the vital functions of plants is not greater than in most other elementary works, while it is certainly less complete and accurate than in many that have appeared of late years both in this country and on the Continent. The fundamental distinction between vegetable anatomy, or organography—the description of the *structure* of the several parts of plants—and physiology, the investigation of their respective *functions*, is nowhere pointed out in this work. It is true that the former is an indispensable preliminary to the knowledge of the latter, but the use and importance of presenting to the student, at the outset, a clear view of the successive stages through which he is to pass must be obvious to all who have followed the lucid and logical exposition laid down by De Candolle, and adhered to by the great majority of subsequent writers on the Continent.

Those who may acquire their first impressions of botanical science from this work will certainly not be embarrassed by doubts presented to their minds in regard to disputed questions in anatomy and physiology; for scarcely anywhere throughout the volume does the author, or the present editor, display the least hesitation in deciding points that still divide the judgment of the most eminent authorities. It is well not to overact caution and modesty in works intended for elementary instruction, but some warning ought to be given when, in regard to the fundamental doctrines of the science, doubtful theories are propounded along with well-ascertained facts, so that the reader should know how much is certain and how much still remains questionable.

Partly, no doubt, from the want of a more systematic arrangement of the subject, there are many grievous omissions in regard to the most important and best established laws of vegetable structure. Except in an ill-expressed phrase annexed in explanation of a very indifferent woodcut (Fig. 56), there is no allusion to the fundamental rule that buds, and all lateral expansions of the stem, are produced in the axils of leaves. The whole department that treats of the arrangement of leaves upon the stem is disposed of in a few sentences, in which the production of opposite and verticillate leaves is explained according to a theory not generally accepted by botanists, and which has little, if any, evidence to support it. No reference is made to the recent researches of M. Nageli, M. Lestiboudois, and other foreign botanists, into the relation between the anatomical structure of the stem and the arrangement of the leaves and accessory organs, nor to the light which has thus been thrown upon many doubtful questions of vegetable morphology. In general we fail to find such references to the latest discoveries and investigations as would direct an intelligent student who should desire further knowledge upon points of interest. Taking, for example, the chapter devoted to Reproduction, which is, in part, well and clearly written, we find no reference to the recent and highly-important observations of Schacht, Henfrey, and others. In regard to the fertilization of the embryo in flowering plants, the author (we believe in this case Dr. Lankester) becomes obscure at the precise point to which the attention of successive observers has been successively directed; but he appears to adopt the view first put forward by Schleiden, which is opposed by all the best recent inquirers, and which has been, we believe, completely abandoned by Schleiden himself.

The style of this work is, for the most part, simple and familiar—too often, however, degenerating into slipshod and positively ungrammatical English. What are we to say of such sentences as this?—"The outer coat of the spore ruptures, and the inner one projects into a long tube; within which, as well as within the original cavity, new cells are formed from the germs included within it." Again, "Although generally the buds of plants and animals are formed according to a commontype, it sometimes happens that these buds are unlike, in form and structure, the usual characters presented by these organs." Without previous explanation, it would not be inferred that the *commontype* referred to in the last sentence is common, not to plants and animals collectively, or to all plants and all animals respectively, but to each particular species of plant or animal; and that the "buds" which are unlike "the usual characters presented by these organs," mean certain buds which differ in appearance and structure from those usually produced by the same species. Some degree of obscurity or carelessness of expression in writings addressed mainly to the scientific public, though inconvenient and irksome, may not be productive of serious mischief; but when men of science write popular treatises, they must be reminded that their first duty is to make themselves clearly

* *Hansword*.
W. Parker and

understood, else, so far from advancing, they positively check the progress of scientific education.

It is not necessary in these days that authors should be acquainted with the dead languages, but when they choose to form new compounds from languages of which they know nothing, it is not too much to expect that they should turn to the dictionary for the needful information. There is a little Greek still left in this country, and we are not yet fit to be taught that a new term, *homogenesis*, is derived "from *ὁμος*, like, and *γενναία*, to create or form"! Like too many new compounds lately introduced into scientific works, this last fruit of philological research, now perpetuated in stereotype, is unnecessary, and even positively objectionable. To distinguish multiplication by buds, bulbs, gemmules, &c., from reproduction by seed, the old term *gemination* fully sufficed, while it avoided the self-contradiction involved in such barbarous and cumbersome expressions as "*homogenesis* by *allophytoids*." We must add that the illustrations, so necessary in a work of this description, are of a very inferior class, always coarse, and in not a few instances positively incorrect.

We regret that we are unable to speak more favourably of a book bearing upon the title-page the name of a gentleman who holds a high place among the cultivators of natural science, though not in the particular department to which this treatise is limited. The field of knowledge is now too vast and too carefully explored to permit the mode of treatment that is exhibited in this and in several other recent instances. Publishers imagine that the public demand for popular instruction will be satisfied by works thrown off, probably during occasional intervals of leisure, by men eminent in their own peculiar departments, but who have not devoted their time and study to the particular subject upon which they undertake to write. The result is almost uniformly unsatisfactory. The most elementary treatise on natural science requires a profound and accurate knowledge of the present state of the particular branch which is to be treated. Each has its own mysterious region wherein the efforts of the advancing human intellect encounter some new aspect of the veiled figure of nature. To mark the boundary of the known and the unknown, the writer, if he be not himself amongst the pioneers, must at least have followed close upon their steps; and, with the rare exceptions of a few of the most active and gifted minds, he cannot achieve that object without the almost exclusive devotion of his time and labour to one particular department. Without this he is not qualified to become a teacher, and it is the duty of the critic to note his unfitness and to clear the way for some better qualified candidate.

In point of scientific accuracy and completeness, the best English work that we have met with is Henfrey's *Outlines of Structural and Physiological Botany*, but the form is dry and repulsive, as was, perhaps, natural in a book mainly intended as a synopsis for students attending the author's lectures. The present volume will certainly not satisfy the want now felt for a simple and clear account of the present state of our knowledge of the structure and vital functions of plants. Such a work, if worthily executed, would not only interest a large class of readers, but would at the same time contribute to the progress of science, by directing new observers to the multitude of interesting problems that still await a complete solution.

HANWORTH.*

IN its own line *Hanworth* is a success; and unless the line of success is disgraceful, a successful book always deserves to be spoken of. But there is as little as possible to say of *Hanworth*. It originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, where it pleased those readers who can submit to wait a month between the different sections of a tale of such a kind. It has now been reprinted, and in its collected form it will please a great many more readers, for there is always sure to be a demand for a story that is short, pleasant, and utterly unobjectionable. But it is a book rather to read than to speak of. Unobjectionable pleasantness is a quality which carries books, as it does human beings, quietly and happily through the world, but it does not give room for much discussion. The plot of *Hanworth* turns on the uncertainty felt by two girl-friends as to which of them a nobleman is in love with. Edith finds that she is chosen, but hands the peer over to Margaret, who is unaffectedly glad to get him. Everybody is good, everybody is blessed, everybody has a little temporary suffering and a speedy restitution of tranquillity. The girls are like real girls, but there is nothing marked about them. The nobleman, who is a high-minded love-creating coquet, is not an impossibility. There is no clever writing, no description of scenery, no boring of any sort. There is only one funny character, and some skill is shown in making the fun less dismal than might be expected from its turning on an elderly lady bringing in constant quotations from well-known poets into her ordinary conversation. From beginning to end the story goes on quietly, evenly, and agreeably, showing a considerable power of observing family life, a subdued sense of the ludicrous, and an unusual turn for writing intelligible and consecutive English. That it never rises out of the region of good taste and good sense into the region of originality and creative

power is no reason why it should not have its day as an acceptable addition to the list of a circulating library.

Hanworth is a tribute to the services of criticism. It is exactly the story which, if written by an authoress of equal abilities a few years ago, would have been coloured by the opinions of some religious party. But the writer, consciously or unconsciously, has discerned that novels of religious opinion do not stand very high in the estimation of critics at present. Those who have made a reputation and acquired practice in the line, will of course go on, partly because it is so easy and lucrative to them, and partly because they believe that they are in the right path, and that their writings do good. The crop of imitators is also still abundant. Scarcely a month passes without the production of a new book, in humble imitation of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. But the writer of *Hanworth* is above the level of mere imitation, and in setting herself to her task she has evidently determined to eschew all that criticism has persuaded her to think dangerous. She is not original—criticism cannot teach originality; but she is clever, and criticism can guide cleverness. She has learned that she must go on with her story, and not interrupt it with maudlin reflections; and she has acquired a conviction that crude thoughts on difficult subjects are not the proper material for fiction. She steers clear of that great rock—word-painting about scenery. She portrays her characters so that we are not sure that they are quizzes upon acquaintances and friends. She is never extravagant, ambitious, or dogmatic. She has taken pains; she has trained herself sedulously and patiently; and the result is that she has brought out a book on which a very high degree of negative praise may justly be conferred.

An eager young writer might be tempted to observe that this is not a very great result, and that a good readable tale is far below an original one. This is true; but the consequence frequently deduced, that a book on which pains are not expended is original, may be safely pronounced illogical. A really good story demands very rare gifts; and if the whole world could agree that no one should write unless he possessed rare gifts, books like *Hanworth* would, by common consent, be forbidden. But the world wants mediocre books—it will have, buy, and read them. Here is the field for writers like the authoress of *Hanworth*. Patience, sense, and taste raise a book from being a bad mediocre book into being a good mediocre book. The writer of *Hanworth* undertook to furnish a particular article, namely, a magazine story, and she furnished a really good one. This is by no means a small thing. To do the thing undertaken, and to do it well, is in every department of human affairs a gain, and always shows a successful contest against difficulties, dangers, and temptations. If the writer of *Hanworth* had introduced curates and religious conversation, and the usual ecclesiastical machinery, she would have made her tale a party manifesto; if she had gone into her own imaginings, doubts, experiences, and remorse, she would have made her tale maudlin; if she had tried fine writing and landscape-painting, she would have made it wearisome. She avoided these faults, and did her business well. She turned out the thing ordered of a good quality and with an attractive design. That an author who had no greater resources to draw upon than the writer of *Hanworth* has, should send into the market so honest a piece of workmanship is highly creditable. It is not a great success, but it is a real one; and we may add that the excellence which arises from care and labour is much rarer and more difficult to find than might be thought probable. A certain turn for writing is one of the very commonest of gifts; but the combination of a turn for writing with a habit of industry and a wish to do work thoroughly is so uncommon that it will always command an attentive welcome.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

CONTENTS OF No. 165, DECEMBER 25, 1858:—

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| M. de Montalembert and his Candid Friends. | |
| The Demagogue—his Consistency and Logic. | |
| The American President's Message. | |
| The Finances of India. | Mr. Bright's Pretensions. |
| Robespierre and the Terrorists. | Judges and Juries. |
| The Temperance Press. | Sentimentalism. |
| A House to Let. | Insanity of Criminals. |
| M. Louis Blanc and the <i>Saturday Review</i> . | |
| Biography of Lord George Bentinck. | |
| The States of Central America. | Voltaire's Novels. |
| Handbook for Oxford. | Robertson's Lectures and Addresses. |
| | A German Dramatist. |

London: Published at 39, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.
And supplied by all Booksellers in Town and Country.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.—The FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE of the PANTOMIME will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, 6th January, and every Thursday during the present month. Doors open at half-past One, commence at Two, and conclude at a Quarter past Four.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
FAREWELL SEASON OF MR. CHARLES KEAN AS MANAGER.
Monday and Friday, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING; Tuesday, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE; Thursday, MACBETH; Wednesday and Saturday, THE CORSICAN BROTHERS; and the PANTOMIME every evening.

* *Hanworth*. Originally published in "*Fraser's Magazine*." London: John W. Parker and Son. 1858.

BARNUM'S ADDRESS REPEATED, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on TWELFTH-NIGHT, January 6th. Tickets for his former Address having been taken in advance, Mr. P. T. BARNUM, of New York, will have the honour of repeating his Address upon the ART OF MAKING MONEY, &c., with Arguments, Experiences, Anecdotes, and Pictorial Illustrations, as above. Open at Seven, commence at Eight. Carriages may be ordered for a Quarter to Ten. Stalls 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Body of Hall and Gallery, 1s. Tickets at CHAPPELL and Co.'s; MITCHELL'S Royal Library; CHAMBER and BEALE'S; JULIEN'S; KRITH and Co.'s, 48, Chancery; A. CLARK'S, 132, Jernyn-street; and at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

THE LATE ADMIRAL LORD LYONS.—A STATUETTE BUST, modelled by EVAN ORTNER, Seal and Gem Engraver to her Majesty, Medallist, &c., 3, ST. JAMES'S-STREET, PALL MALL, where the Bust can be seen and a strictly limited number of Subscriptions received.

MR. JOHN BENNETT ON THE WATCH.—Mr. JOHN BENNETT, F.R.A.S., Member of the National Academy of Paris, will lecture on the Watch, what to make and how to make it—

Jan. 4, Hackney.	Jan. 18, Dorking.	Feb. 1, Slough.
" 5, Carshalton.	" 24, Stowmarket.	" 8, Ball's Pond.
" 11, Windsor.	" 25, Ipswich.	" 15, Wolverton.
" 12, Woburn.	" 27, Bristol.	" 17, Agar Town.
" 17, Horsham.		

The Lecture will be illustrated by a great variety of models and diagrams, and specimens of clocks and watches. Syllabus can be had at the Watch Manufactory, 65, Cheapside.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.—BONN ON THE RHINE.—Mr. MORSEBACH, Principal of an Establishment at BONN, will be in England the beginning of January, when he will be happy to see the friends of his English pupils and attend to new inquiries. Messrs. DICKINSON, 114, New Bond-street, will supply references or prospectuses, and give any necessary information.

EDUCATION.—THE DAUGHTERS OF A PHYSICIAN.—residing in the best part of the North-west district of London, RECEIVE FOR EDUCATION TWELVE YOUNG LADIES, the daughters of gentlemen. They are assisted by Masters of eminence, and a resident French Governess. Terms, 60 Guineas per annum; or including extras, 80 Guineas. References to clergymen and others, the parents of pupils. The NEXT TERM will commence (D.V.) 18th JANUARY, 1859. For further particulars address G. R., care of Mr. CALDER, 1, Bathurst-street, Hyde Park-gardens, W.

LEEDS GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—AN ASSISTANT MASTER (a Graduate of one of the Universities) IS REQUIRED to take charge of one of the Lower Classes in Classics, Mathematics, &c., on FEBRUARY 1st, 1859. Salary, £160 per Annum. Applications to be made immediately to the Rev. A. BARRY, 87, King's-road, Brighton.

TO LITERARY MEN.—An opportunity offers of an ENGAGEMENT of an influential nature upon a COLONIAL NEWSPAPER of first-class position. To save trouble, none but gentlemen of really high qualifications need apply. Communications, which must be held strictly confidential on both sides, to be addressed A. B. C., care of ROBERT BESLEY, Esq., 2, Fann-street, Aldersgate-street.

NEW ZEALAND.—"FREE GRANTS OF LAND" under the New Government Regulations.—Small Capitalists and Working Men may now obtain Land Orders for "Free Grants" of from 40 to 500 acres of land. All particulars may be obtained of ARTHUR WILLIS, GANN, and Co., New Zealand Offices, Crosby-square, Bishopsgate, London.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, 1, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.—INSTITUTED 1820.

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SECURITY.—The existing liabilities of the Company do not exceed £3,000,000. The Investments are nearly £1,000,000, in addition to upwards of 600,000 for which the shareholders are responsible, and the income is about £120,000 per annum.

PROFITS.—Four-fifths, or Eighty per cent. of the profits, are assigned to Policies every fifth year. The next appropriation will be made in 1861, and persons who now effect insurances will participate ratably.

BONUS.—The additions to Policies have been from £1 10s. to £23 10s. per cent. on the original sums insured.

CLAIMS.—Upwards of £1,250,000 has been paid to claimants under policies. Proposals for insurances may be made at the chief office, as above; at the branch office, 16, Pall Mall, London; or to any of the agents throughout the Kingdom.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

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The Entire Profits are applied exclusively to the reduction of the Annual Premiums of Members of Five Years' standing.

The Sum Assured exceeds	£3,000,000
Annual Premiums	105,000
Accumulated Capital	840,000
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Reduction of Annual Premiums already allowed	390,000

The Rate of Reduction for the Current Year is Fifty-one per Cent.

1st December, 1858. HENRY MARSHALL, Actuary.

CHRISTMAS, 1858.
MESSRS. MAPPIN invite attention to their ELEGANT STOCK of NOVELTIES for the PRESENT SEASON, now on View at their SHOW ROOMS, 67 and 68, King William-street, London.

12 Ivory-handle Silver-plated Fish-eating Knives (in Mahogany Case)	£4 2 0
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A Set of Three Papier Maché Tea Trays	1 11 0

A costly Book of Engravings, with Prices attached, forwarded by Post, on receipt of twelve stamps.—MAPPIN BROTHERS, 67 and 68, King William-street, London; Manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

OPORTO.—AN OLD BOTTLED PORT of high character, 48s. per dozen, Cash. This genuine Wine will be much approved.
HENRY BRETT and Co., Importers, Old Furnival's Distillery, Holborn, E.C.

PURE BRANDY, 16s. per Gallon.—PALE or BROWN EAU-DE-VIE, of exquisite flavour and great purity—identical, indeed, in every respect with those choice productions of the Cognac district, which are now difficult to procure at any price—35s. per dozen, French bottles and case included, or 16s. per gallon.
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UNSOPHISTICATED GENEVA, of the true Juniper flavour, and precisely as it runs from the Still, without the addition of sugar or any ingredient whatever. Imperial gallon, 13s.; or in one-dozen cases, 29s. each, bottles and case included. Price Currents (free) by post.
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HARRINGTON PARKER and CO. are now delivering the October Brewings of the above Celebrated Ale. Its surpassing excellence is vouched for by the highest Medical and Chemical Authorities of the day. Supplied in bottles, also in casks of 18 gallons and upwards, by
HARRINGTON PARKER and CO., Wine and Spirit Merchants, 54, Pall Mall, London.

MALMSEY, TWENTY-FOUR SHILLINGS PER DOZEN, Cash.—This delicious Wine may be obtained at the above extraordinary low prices from the Importers,
HARRINGTON PARKER and CO., 54, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

WINES FROM SOUTH AFRICA.
DENMAN, INTRODUCER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PORT, SHERRY, &c., 20s. PER DOZEN, BOTTLES INCLUDED. A Pint Sample of each for 24 stamps. Wine in Cask forwarded free to any railway station in England.
Extract from THE LANCET, July 10th, 1858.

"THE WINES OF SOUTH AFRICA.—We have visited Mr. Denman's stores, selected in all eleven samples of wine, and have subjected them to careful analysis. Our examination has extended to an estimation of their bouquet and flavour, their acidity and sweetness, the amount of wine stone, the strength in alcohol, and particularly to their purity. We have to state that these wines, though branded to a much less extent than Sherries, are yet, on the average, nearly as strong; that they are pure, wholesome, and perfectly free from adulteration; indeed, considering the low price at which they are sold, their quality is remarkable."

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